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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1904.

## The Week.

It is quite evident that this year's political campaign is to be conducted in a very soldierly fashion. There are to be no loose ends. Unlike the Russians in Mantchuria, the different Republican groups will not be allowed to fire upon each other. Dissensions within the party no doubt keep the blood circulating in time of peace, but with the enemy in sight there can be but one mind and purpose. The Iowa State Convention will show how the thing must be done. Gov. Cummins is all very well in his proper place, but in a Presidential year his proper place is far in the rear. The "Iowa idea" is as much a misfit in 1904 as the Massachusetts idea, and should be treated in exactly the same way. On the eve of their State Convention the Massachusetts Republicans were casting sheep's-eyes on Canadian reciprocity. This, however, was promptly nipped in the bud. Lodge brought the official platform from Washington, and the convention dutifully abandoned the Massachusetts idea for the American idea. On the eve of the Iowa Convention "nothing is heard but stand-pat talk." Senator Allison and Secretary Shaw "have been apprised of the wishes of President Roosevelt," and the platform will be written accordingly. This is much the safest way to do the business. The Republican creed was laid down at the Vermont Convention by Senator Foraker, and it is only necessary that the other States should construct their platforms after the pattern of his speech, care being taken to have a Lodge or an Allison on the spot to see that no inadvertences occur. The President's success in making Congress do the right thing every time in the last six months was an excellent preparation for the task of making the State conventions toe the mark.

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Not even the sense of humor is to be left free at the Chicago Convention, apparently. The Administration has, the *Tribune* announces, kindly prepared in advance the platform endorsing the Administration. It is a relief to know that the Administration thinks so well of itself. It defines itself as both conservative and fearless, cautious yet bold, wise, pure, and strong. This must be true, for the Administration itself has said it, and Lodge stands ready to swear to it. Congressman Williams told the Republicans that they were not going to hold a convention, but a meeting to ratify whatever the President had said or done. But he did not foresee that even an inspired platform would be issued by the Administration. Had he done so, he would probably have warned it against what he once called the "ungentlemanly vice" of taking itself too seriously.

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We rub our eyes as we read of a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall to demand reciprocity with Canada; of 30,000 business men of Massachusetts petitioning for it; and of the most influential Republicans in the State (not members of Lodge's machine) putting through resolutions calling for it. This is flat rebellion. Lodge has publicly told the party in Massachusetts that reciprocity is a Democratic policy, and privately declared that no good Republican could adopt it and live—that is, live politically. The great sensation of Monday night's meeting was the statement that Lodge had virtually threatened members of the Legislature with political destruction if they did not smother their convictions in favor of reciprocity. Hence the meeting substantially resolved itself into a defiance of the "one power behind the throne in Massachusetts"—namely, the junior Senator. Resolutions antagonistic to him were carried "with a shout." All which, according to Lodge, shows that these Republicans are already proved to be little better than false knaves.

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The withdrawal of ex-Mayor Reed of Kansas City, with the consequent clinching of the nomination of Joseph W. Folk as Governor of Missouri, is an admirable illustration of the final futility of machine control. As county conventions have succeeded each other, and Folk's name has roused the first genuine enthusiasm shown in State politics for years, the machine organs have run the gamut from open ridicule to a very reluctant acquiescence. While the young Circuit Attorney's candidacy has swept Missouri with the completeness and something of the spectacular effect of a prairie fire, the machine strongholds have smouldered in the way that a half-dry swamp does when surrounded by a conflagration. With the surrender of Reed, Kansas City seems to have become a strong Folk town, and it is possible that St. Louis may give way and withdraw its Boss Butler candidate before the State Convention meets in June. Meanwhile, talk of Republican success and of Folk for Vice-President must lose effectiveness, as it is so plainly machine labelled.

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The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, barring out John Turner, the anarchist, lays down the broad principle that Congress may exclude any alien "in such cases and on such conditions as it may see fit to prescribe." The full text of the decision is not yet at hand, but the court evidently considered the legal power of Congress, without regard to the wisdom or reasonableness of the particular ground of exclusion. This ruling, indeed, is in line with that regarding the Chinese. The cases and conditions may be whimsical—color of skin, eyes, or hair; views of religion, political theories—but, Congress once having passed the law, there is no appeal; the alien must bow in submission. Whatever may be the rights of residents or citizens of the United States as to freedom of speech or of the press, as to assembly and petition for the redress of grievances, the alien who "is not permitted to enter this country, or, having entered contrary to law, is expelled," is "cut off from worshipping or speaking or publishing or petitioning in the country . . . merely because of his exclusion therefrom. He is not one of the people to whom these things are secured, and cannot become such by an attempt forbidden by law." John Turner indubitably came under the operation of the law, for he was an avowed anarchist, said to belong to the "philosophical" school, which does not advocate violence. A clearer case for a test of the statute could not have been found. For Turner himself no one can have special sympathy, for he seems to have been rather a poor creature, lacking in both force and ideas, certainly not a leader whose suffering could assume the dramatic aspects of a martyrdom. But neither the validity of the law, nor our want of personal interest in the first man to feel its force, should blind us to its radical defects.

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This particular law will, we are confident, contribute little or nothing to the safety of the republic or of its officials, from President down. Even without it, any man, alien or native, who advocated violence to public officer or private citizen was liable to due punishment. Under it, the resident anarchist of the "philosophical" type is still immune. He may entertain the absurdest notions as to the uselessness of governmental machinery, as to the perfectibility of human nature, and as to the reign of universal love when rulers and legal restraints are abolished at a stroke; but so long as he holds these views as mere pious theories, he may go his way untouched. Practically, then, the law operates only in cases of aliens who are professed anarchists.

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There's no use crying over spilt milk, but it is always in order to speak one's

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mind about the careless or malicious persons who spilled it; and in connection with Gov. Odell's veto of the Law's Delay bill we have just this to say: No one familiar with the whole situation can doubt that politics, and politics of a peculiarly contemptible sort, did this important measure to death. To those who know the inside scheming which brought it about, the talk about Constitutional objections is simply laughable. If there was any real question on that point, why did not the Governor grant a hearing? Is not Judge Dillon's opinion as well worth taking as Mr. Cunneen's? But it is needless to debate about that, since the motive was really unconcealed. What we have seen is politics laying its dirty hand upon judicial reform. If the Republican machine could not have its court spoils, it would deny the prayer of business New York for relief from the scandalous blockade of justice. And as for those judges who were so fearful lest their "discretion" in appointing referees be interfered with, they are doubtless making smiling preparations to go on naming each other's sons and nephews, and other favorites, or creatures of the bosses of either machine, at the cost of litigants.

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Particular interest has been felt in the Government crop estimate published last week; first, because of the important relation of the harvests to the country's prosperity, and, second, because of the singular position into which the United States has drifted in the matter of agricultural exports. Prosperity, no doubt, is always influenced by the harvests. This year's special interest in the problem arises from one very interesting fact—that the back-tide of industrial reaction which unquestionably set in last summer in the East, was checked and in large measure overcome by the flood of real prosperity in the farming West and South. There is no question that the highly profitable grain and cotton harvests of 1903 added such genuine strength to the resources of the farming community as to enable the country as a whole to resist the demoralizing tendency of the Eastern money-market disturbance. This is why the crops are now studied with unusual concern. The Department's estimate of April, on the condition of winter-sown wheat, was the lowest in more than twenty years; this was a natural consequence of the trying winter. The new May estimate gives the same figures of condition as in April, and adds that the destruction by last winter's storms reduced the growing area by some 10,000,000 acres as compared with the estimate of December.

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This sounds unfavorable; but it must be remembered that the farmer who sows his "winter wheat" in the late autumn always reckons on such vicissitudes. If his early wheat comes up well in the spring, he has so much assured; if it is spoiled by an unfavorable winter, he can plough up his land and replant. There have been, moreover, many years like 1895, when a partial failure of the early wheat was followed by so abundant a later yield that the total crop was one of the largest ever harvested. The situation undoubtedly gains interest from the curious movement of our exports. The latest statistics of the season's shipment of wheat from the United States show the smallest monthly movement reported in this season since the great expansion of our grain production began in 1878, and there can be no doubt that our position in international exchange has been affected by the decrease. But critics are not agreed as to the reason. By many, it is held that the unusually high price fixed for wheat in the Chicago market—the highest since the "European famine" of 1897 and 1898—has cut off our export market; a result not impossible, since Europe itself produced last year 400,000,000 bushels more of wheat than in 1897, and 93,000,000 more than in 1902. Another interesting theory, propounded chiefly by the English grain experts, is that the consuming power of our own population has of late been increasing more rapidly than our grain production; the inference being that the United States, even with a good-sized crop, can spare less wheat than formerly for the outside world. But this is a theory to be approached with much caution.

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It is believed by the *Wool and Cotton Reporter* that in some cases it will require years of continuous operation for the cotton mills of this country to make good their losses of the past seven or eight months. That the situation is bad, every one will admit; but it is easy to allow one's self to become too pessimistic. Predictions are always hazardous in the cotton industry. In the early part of 1898, for instance, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge and other prominent New England mill owners asked the Massachusetts Legislature to come to the relief of the Northern mills. Their plea was that, unless they were granted longer hours of labor than the law allowed and some rebate of taxation, their business would be driven South. Almost immediately, however, the New England mills entered upon a period of unusual prosperity, which continued up to a comparatively recent date. At the moment the Southern mills are getting a somewhat larger share of the business offering, as the demand has recently been running stronger to coarse goods. Unquestionably, the increase in new cotton mills has been too rapid of late. The number was not excessive for good years, but good years have, of course, to be averaged with poor years. But, year in and out, this country is consuming more and more cotton goods, and foreign markets are being opened up. Just at present our best customers are feeling poor, but the conditions may change at any moment.

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Naturally, the chief topic of discussion last week at the annual meeting of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association was the speculative advance in the staple. President Heath's notion on this subject is rather peculiar. He sees the high price of the raw material on the one hand and the stagnation of goods on the other. This is a bad fix for the manufacturers, but they are largely to blame for it. Everybody could see last fall that there would be a very short supply of cotton, but, instead of accepting this fact and talking with a big voice to make the public pay a correspondingly high price for goods, they became bears on the raw material. But the bulls were too much for them, and quotations went to "dizzy" figures. If the mill owners had not made all this fuss about "speculative manipulation," the public would not have got the idea that goods were artificially high. As it was, consumers held off from buying until prices should fall. All this may be true, but would not things be as bad, if not worse, if the opposite course had been pursued? If there had been fewer bears on cotton the staple might have gone to a much higher level. Is it true that goods have failed to advance as much as the raw material mainly because consumers would not pay more? It has not been a question of would not, but of could not. President Heath may be sure that the manufacturers made no mistake in trying to keep the price of cotton down. If they had acted differently, they might to-day have much larger stocks of unsold goods than is actually the case.

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Minister Barrett's figures regarding the foreign trade of Argentina for 1903 should have a good deal of interest for Americans. The total trade was 23 per cent. larger than during 1902, and in the last decade there has been an increase of nearly 90 per cent. This is astonishing progress, as in the last ten years the total foreign trade of the United States has shown a gain of only 43 per cent. In the matter of exports to Argentina, our own country ranked next to Great Britain and Germany. But as regards imports from there, it was behind Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Africa, and Brazil. This leads our Minister to call for a reciprocity treaty. Mr. Barrett is so many thousand miles away that he has not heard of the new official definition of this term—namely, an exchange of non-competing articles. That rules out Argentina, with her wool and

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hides. Mr. Barrett tells us that Argentine trade is going to be better in 1904. But of greatest interest is his statement that the country contains 245,000,000 acres of fine arable land, not a tenth of which is yet under cultivation. This brings to mind the statement of Broomhall, the Liverpool grain expert, that the position of the United States is now threatened by Russia and Argentina. A decade ago a great deal was heard about the impending ruin of the American farmer from Argentine competition, but never has he been more prosperous than since then. He can be pretty sure, however, that if he clings to the notion of dollar wheat, he will simply be "holding the umbrella" over South America.

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That the Bible is in need of defence from such defenders as the American Bible League, is forcibly argued by the *Independent*. But it goes on bluntly to intimate that there is a "big publishing and financial scheme behind this League." The propaganda against the higher critics, who are said to have "subsidized" the publishers, is to be carried on by means of "branches for Bible defence" all over the country. These are to establish relations with the Sunday schools, and are to furnish by the million "Bible Primers" and tracts, and one knows not what other works up to a Bible dictionary, out of which every taint of modern scholarship shall be rigorously excluded. As the *Independent* puts it: "These men are going at it in the right way for profit for the managers, but not in the right way for the search for truth." We do not believe, of course, that the excellent gentlemen who came forward to save the Bible by denouncing its students, had any ulterior and pecuniary aims; but they must see, now that it is pointed out to them, the peril of turning their League into a money-making concern. Some Simon Magus might be found among publishers, willing to be more orthodox than the Pope, if well paid for it.

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Japan is said to feel very keenly the hard terms on which her new foreign loan has been floated. Japanese newspapers are drawing unflattering contrasts between the rate Japan is made to pay and that paid by Turkey and South American countries. But the hardest thing to bear is the lien on the customs revenue, which is regarded as a blow at the national honor, and as placing Japan on the footing of an uncivilized nation. This is stretching the case somewhat; for though we find Turkey and China in the same situation as Japan, we find Greece, and, in a modified form, Portugal, also there. Still, there is no denying the fact that Japan has a right to feel that her self-respect has been impaired. The nation had to have the money and could not get it on better terms. The Government is trying to weaken the effect of the customs pledge as much as possible by claiming that it is "merely nominal, and is based on improbable contingencies." But there's the rub. "Contingencies" are a black beast to investors. One question of great interest regarding the present loan remains unanswered: Has any provision conditionally been made for a foreign administrator of the customs? If so, the situation is indeed mortifying.

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The Japanese Government is circulating pamphlets in this country regarding its trade and finances. The figures on the growth of the foreign commerce are amazing. In 1871 the total external trade amounted to less than $20,000,000; in 1901 it was $254,000,000. The increase per decade in population has, however, been only a little more than 10 per cent. But we regret to notice that Japan has started on her new career with an entirely false notion of what constitutes successful trade. In 1901 her exports and imports practically balanced each other, imports being nominally the larger. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as a highly successful nation, but if we saw our imports equalling our exports we should certainly believe we were on the road to ruin. No wonder Japan finds it hard to borrow money on such a showing as this. Still, it seems strange that the nation should be able to keep up this marvellous development of its resources for thirty years on a false basis without coming to grief. Will not our friends of protection unravel this mystery?

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A rumor from Berlin has it that the war party in Russia is for making peace on the basis of a Japanese protectorate over Korea and the restoration of Mantchuria to China. Nothing could be more unlikely at this stage of the war. That the Russians have practically given up southern Mantchuria is shown in the abandonment of Niu-Chwang and the destruction of the expensive works at Dalny, but meanwhile Kuropatkin's concentration is progressing, and the probability is that he will try conclusions with Kuroki on the road to Mukden. That battle should determine the course of the campaign for many months. If the Russians should be driven out of the sacred city of Mukden, their prestige in Mantchuria would be shattered, while the Japanese would probably be able to recruit native forces on the spot. So the Russians must fight for Mukden at whatever risk. As for the basis of peace suggested at Berlin, it need only be said that Russia would hardly come off worse than that in case of utter defeat. At this point she will hardly accept the status prior to 1897 for herself, while admitting Japanese preponderancy in Korea. But indeed all peace rumors are silly while Russia retains a foot of Mantchurian territory. What we are at present witnessing is a gigantic scheme of manœuvring the Russians out of the province, and bloodshed has hardly begun.

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Well may the Austro-Hungary military demands have caused the "utmost bewilderment among all parties." The Government asks the largest sum ever contained in a budget of the Dual Monarchy. The Austro-Hungary revenues have been running about even with the national disbursements, and the new budget, if voted, means additional taxation, of course. The story in this case is the same as in our own. The money is needed for the army and navy. The former demands 353,000,000 crowns for the coming year, against 324,443,065 crowns last year. The worst showing is in connection with the navy. For 1904 the estimates amounted to 50,026,410 crowns, but for 1905 the demand is for 121,000,000 crowns, an increase of 142 per cent. Forty-eight million crowns are wanted for shops, 34,000,000 for torpedo boats, and 10,000,000 for submarine boats—in all 92,000,000 crowns, or about $18,500,000. The reasons for the present heavy demands are not wholly apparent, but it is strongly implied that the Government has had its eyes opened by Russia's unreadiness for war. In some circles the extraordinary budget is attributed to the additional burden imposed on Austria by the Eastern war in preserving peace in the Balkans.

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Almost a year after his epoch-making Birmingham speech, Mr. Chamberlain reports progress to the same audience. He declares that Mr. Balfour is on the way to the true preferential doctrine. He believes that the people are already converted, for he regrets that a referendum is impossible. As to that, dissolution to-day would speedily bring about this desired referendum. But Mr. Chamberlain was cautious enough to hint that the Education bill, the Licensing bill, and other parochial measures had made the Government so unpopular that the result of a general election would be doubtful. But, he continued, there would be no harm in a Liberal interregnum, provided it were short and the fiscal reforms were resumed after its fall. From inadequate dispatches it would be unsafe to infer the temper of Mr. Chamberlain's address; but it is at least evident that he impliedly condemned those acts of his Ministerial associates in which he himself had not been interested, and that he claimed for his personal policy the merit of alone being important and popular. Such a statement leaves Mr. Balfour in the position of a blunderer and man of half measures, who is ruling only till the master spirit sees fit to take hold. That is evidently Mr. Chamberlain's view, and it is not very far from the fact.

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### *THE PARKER CANDIDACY.*

Whether or not the Indiana Convention marked high water for Parker, it was low-water mark for Bryan. He fairly flung himself upon Indiana, confident that his appeals would be heard, and the result was not only his defeat, but his open humiliation. Nor have his attempts to make himself party dictator been at all well received by the Democratic press. Newspapers in the South, for example, which have before had nothing but kind words for Mr. Bryan, now speak with much bitterness of his demand that the party ask his consent before writing its platform or naming its candidate. It is, indeed, Bryan and Hearst who are now the surest promoters of Judge Parker's fortunes. The latter's silence never seems so grateful as when contrasted with Bryan's loquacity. As for Hearst, it is a case with him simply of "money talks"—and smells. But Bryan appears to be completely wearing out the patience of the party. It says of him what the Matabele warrior said to the British officer about the Maxim gun—he did not mind the gun that "spoke" once, or even the one that spoke several times, but for the life of him he could not stand the gun that "kept on talking like an old woman."

The fact of the Indiana convention instructing for Judge Parker may easily prove decisive of his nomination. Now put forward as he is by the strategic States, the others will be more and more disposed to follow after. No Democrat can be elected who cannot carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. That is conceded, and three of those debatable and necessary States have instructed for Parker. New Jersey is doubtless ready to support him. This gives him a political prestige and advantage which any other candidate will find it almost impossible to overcome. The demand made of every proposed favorite son or suddenly unblanketed dark horse will be, "Can he carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana?" But those States have already agreed upon another man.

In actually pledged votes, Judge Parker now has a long lead. Claiming none from New Jersey, 128 delegates to St. Louis are instructed for him. That number will rapidly swell as the Southern conventions come along. Georgia is certain to add her 26 votes to the Parker column. So are Alabama and Texas, with their delegations of 22 and 36, respectively. In fact, so strong is the evidence that Parker is to have the support of the Southern States, that we may safely assign him the delegates from all of the solid South except Maryland. They alone would give him, with the votes he has already in hand, something like 430 on the first ballot. This is saying nothing of delegates which he may pick up in Ohio and Illinois, Michigan and Wisonsin, or of the possibility of the vote of New Jersey and Pennsylvania being for him from the first. But even 430 votes is an impressive array—Mr. Cleveland had but 392 on the first ballot in 1884; and it is natural to expect that the same tendency of other "booms" to break up and go to the leading candidate which resulted in Cleveland's nomination on the second ballot, will fall out to the benefit of Judge Parker at St. Louis.

His candidacy has been in many respects unprecedented in American politics. Personal enthusiasm for him cannot be said to exist and to be carrying everything before it, for he is personally unknown to the rank and file of the Democratic party. His name has been identified with no issue. Out of politics and on the bench for eighteen years, his work is not of a kind to be inscribed on party banners. Yet he has had the good fortune, partly by accident of location, partly through the aid of shrewd political managers, partly on account of the repulsion created in decent Democrats by the unspeakable Hearst, and partly on account of his reputation as an upright judge and a frank, honest, and unassuming man, to unite upon himself the hopes of Democrats who look and long for the restoration of their party to its old sanity and vigor.

Such a candidate cannot but be interesting to all; but it would be foolish to deny that there are many doubts which he will have to resolve before he can commend himself to the people of this country. The Hill incubus he must manage to shake off. Hill is a thoroughly found-out man. Every one knows him for a small-minded, cold-hearted, unscrupulous intriguer. If Judge Parker allows it to be supposed that he is "Dave Hill's man," he will be overwhelmingly defeated, as he will deserve to be. Of course, discrimination is necessary, here as everywhere else. No candidate is bound to refuse a vote offered him because he does not like the voter. There is, indeed, a certain element of comedy in the virtuous alarm over Hillism on the part of friends of Roosevelt who, nevertheless, see without a qualm their candidate catering to Quay and Platt. Even the meanest boss alive is entitled to support whom he will. We have no quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt because he accepts the political aid of Platt and Quay; but we deplore his subserviency to them. In like manner, no one can blame Judge Parker for allowing Hill to support him, provided he makes it clear that he is, through all, his own man, and that this is to be a Parker campaign, not a Hill campaign, and, in case of election, a Parker Administration; not one dominated by Hill. At the same time, no friend of Judge Parker's should refrain from telling the truth. It is that while intelligent Democratic sentiment has nothing but kindness for him, it has nothing but loathing for Hill.

To escape from the suspicion of a Hill taint is the first essential for Judge Parker; and next will come the need of showing the country that he has mature and sound views which he can defend with sound argument, and enforce, if given the opportunity, with firmness. With the advantages, he must also shoulder the disadvantages, of being a practically unknown man. Freed thereby from personal animosities and political antagonisms, he may the easier obtain the nomination, but the wisdom and success of his candidacy must remain problematic until it appears that, known, he has the ability, the character, the convictions which the American people have a right to demand in their Presidents.

### *QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHAIRMAN.*

Next to the difficulty of pitching upon a suitable running mate, President Roosevelt is finding that of selecting an eligible National Chairman most perplexing. The position has apparently been offered to a portentously long list of gentlemen, who have all with one consent begun to make excuse. This is the more strange since the chairman of the National Committee has been, in either party, an officer who wielded enormous power. Not only in the course of the campaign, but in the between-election years, has he had much to do with shaping party policy and influencing legislation and appointments to office. This has been true even when the chairman's party was defeated; how much more so when successful! Now power of that kind is usually sought, not fled from, by men in public life. It is not strange, then, that people are wondering why so many to whom the President has made approaches are saying, "I pray thee, have me excused."

The reason is probably financial. It is felt that this year it is going to be a hard job to put the Republican Committee in funds. Hence the declination of one of the "mentioned" after another is not unlike that of the Russian general who was asked by the Czar some years ago to accept the portfolio of Minister of Finance. "Sire," was his reply, "in the present state of our finances no one would take that post unless he were either a genius or an idiot. I am neither." Or it may be that some of the gentlemen whom the President has requested to accept the Chairmanship have had a scruple similar to that of a prominent Republican urged by President Harrison to become Chairman in 1892. The reason he gave for refusing was substantially as follows: "The Chairman of the National Committee is obliged in these times to raise a large sum of money. If he succeeds in electing his ticket, he is certain to be called a corruptionist. If he fails, he will be

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thought a fool. I do not wish to have the reputation of being either."

Every one knows that the legitimate expenses of a Presidential election are very great. They have grown inordinately with the introduction of lavish methods. No books are kept—at any rate, no accounts are ever published—and exact knowledge of the money raised and spent is necessarily within the reach of but few. We have excellent authority for saying, however, that Mr. Hanna had at his disposal in 1896 no less than $7,000,000. Now, luxury in campaigning grows by what it feeds upon. Heroic and unusual expenditures one year come to be taken as the normal standard of outlay thereafter. It is probably true, therefore, that the party which has had the most money in one campaign is called upon to produce still more in the next. Moreover, it is generally agreed among politicians that Republican campaigning comes higher than Democratic. Somehow, it takes more money to "get out" the Republican vote. Perhaps it is that, under beneficent Republican policies, the members of the party are all so busy getting rich that it requires an extra inducement to prevail upon them to leave their gainful occupations long enough to go to the polls.

Whatever the causes, large subscriptions to the campaign fund have somehow to be obtained; and what any prudent man, meditating the Chairmanship, must see, is that they are going to be uncommonly difficult to secure this year. In the first place, with the disappearance of the threat of Bryanism, many Republican purses which fear had opened in 1896 and 1900, will snap shut. Nothing like fright to produce funds; but the coming campaign now promises to be one in which it will be impossible to terrify people into generous contributions. Then, of course, there is the peculiar difficulty of raising money for President Roosevelt. To replenish his overdrawn Wall Street account, at the same time that his anti-Wall Street attitude is exploited for all it is worth in the West, will be the task, almost impossible of achievement, laid upon a Republican Chairman. Clearly, it would tax the resources of the most agile. He would have to be at once a Trust-buster and a Trust-booster.

It would be well if the embarrassment of the Administration over this aspect of the party finances were to lead to a reform. It is needed in both parties. Both have been too lavish and too unscrupulous in the use of money in politics. Both have allowed their Chairmen a degree of secret and irresponsible power, largely through the disbursement of campaign funds, too great for safety, too well fitted to produce corruption. If, as Goldwin Smith says, our political parties have overlaid the Constitution, committees and chairmen have too often overlaid the parties. The malign influence of Chairman-Senator Gorman, after 1884, and of Chairman-Senator Hanna, after 1896, should be a warning even to stout partisans, to say nothing of good patriots. All this financial aspect of party management should be thrown open to the light. If corporations are to be compelled to publicity of accounts, so should political committees. If the mere pecuniary side of the Chairmanship had not been made so unpleasantly prominent, it is probable that President Roosevelt would not have had to hunt so long for a Chairman. Character and political sagacity would be in more demand than the ability to raise secretly and to spend corruptly millions of dollars.

## *"UTTER DISREGARD FOR POLITICAL INFLUENCE."*

With fine irony the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* begins his dispatch of Friday in this strain: "President Roosevelt has once more demonstrated his utter disregard for political influence in any matter involving right and wrong, by summarily dismissing from the postal service Richard. Van Cott, son of the Postmaster of New York." The irony is evident, for the facts presented in the rest of the dispatch show that in his treatment of Cornelius Van Cott the President's surrender to the spoilsmen and politicians may fitly be characterized as contemptible.

It is not necessary to go far into the history of the case. Mr. Van Cott has for years been a machine Republican and spoilsman of the ordinary robust type. He has never scrupled to lay the patronage of the various offices he has held at the feet of Platt or any other boss who chanced to be ascendant. He should never have been appointed to such an important position as postmaster of New York. Having been appointed, he should never have been allowed to demoralize the service by making it the football of politics. No one was surprised when Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte reported last December—almost five months ago—that Postmaster Van Cott had been operating with Heath and Beavers in illegal salary allowances. Van Cott paid Beavers $4 a day, charged against New York "expenses"; and the Conrad and Bonaparte report not only describes this transaction as "fraudulent," but adds, "We find it impossible to doubt that Mr. Heath, Mr. Van Cott, and Mr. Beavers himself all knew the payment of this additional compensation was expressly forbidden by law, and that it was called 'expenses' to evade this prohibition."

Here was ample warrant for the summary removal of Van Cott, had the President really desired to place purity and efficiency above politics and to redeem his promise of "the immediate reformation of the service by the turning out of the offenders." But, unfortunately for the service, Van Cott had powerful friends in a doubtful State, and the President was willing to suspend action of the "utmost vigor" till there had been further investigation. From time to time there have been rumors from Washington that Van Cott must go, but a day or two later we have always been informed that the investigations were not yet complete. Apparently the "hound's tooth" which President Roosevelt once had in mind as a model of cleanness was both dirty and decayed.

We now learn that one set of inspectors recommended the removal of Postmaster Van Cott, his son, and twelve subordinates. But Senator Platt stood by his protégé, and the President turned Assistant Attorney-General Robb loose on the case, with the evident hope of finding the charges against Van Cott less damning. Mr. Robb has been diligent, and has succeeded. He censures Van Cott for slackness in several directions, but sees nothing in his conduct that has been actually criminal. His prime error has been to allow his son too much authority. This son has indulged in so many and such various irregularities that he must go, but the man who is really responsible for all the crookedness can stay his term out. Mr. Van Cott must, however, refund to the Government some $2,100 of which it has been defrauded. His brother, Whitfield Van Cott, drew $1,800 as inspector of mail boxes, but performed no services whatever. Of course, Cornelius Van Cott dwelt in blissful ignorance of this diversion of $1,800. Young Richard Van Cott drew $300 while in Europe for seven weeks, when the law allowed him only fifteen days' vacation. Here also the elder Van Cott must have been imposed on by a wayward son. The guileless old gentleman was also conveniently blind when the hopeful Richard rewarded his heelers with appointments and promotions, wrote to Beavers that he had promised certain positions in return for ward work, and "usurped the functions of the superintendent of delivery, to the detriment of the service." In short—to put the best face on the matter for Mr. Van Cott—he turned his back while his brother and son pocketed Government money and debauched the public service.

Nevertheless, he is strongly backed by Senator Platt; and accordingly President Roosevelt has once more demonstrated his utter disregard for political influence by making the son the scapegoat. Doubtless the President was guided by those precious sentences in 'The Strenuous Life,' by Theodore Roosevelt:

> "No man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community."
>
> "There must be no compromise under any circumstances with official corruption, and, of course, no man should hesitate to say as much."

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The incident throws an instructive light on investigations "in our own time and our own way." The Democrats will find it easy to persuade wavering voters that corruption quite as flagrant as that under Postmaster Van Cott will be passed over pretty lightly, especially if the offenders have influential friends. Those quiet little heart-to-heart talks to which the President proposes that Mr. Robb shall devote his summer will—if the outcome be anything like that in New York—excite, not admiration for a strenuous and reforming President, but inextinguishable and derisive laughter.

### *THE WAR AND PANSLAVISM.*

The Macedonian question is settled—so most of the European Powers profess to believe. Turkey solemnly pledges herself to Bulgaria to carry out the measures of reform she promised at Mürzsteg to Austria-Hungary and Russia, while Bulgaria stands charged with the task of suppressing revolutionary committees and conspiracies against the Turkish Empire. For the present, Turkey enjoys serenely the most recent of her diplomatic triumphs; Bulgarian politicians and merchants breathe freely, as the danger of war with Turkey is eliminated; the Austrian press is jubilant; and the various nations represented in the reorganization of the Macedonian *gendarmerie* appear pleased with the respective "spheres" allotted to them. Only from London ominous mutterings are heard. Lord Lansdowne thinks that there is "only too much reason to be disappointed over the progress achieved," and fears that if its rate be not accelerated the Powers "may be confronted by a situation which would cause grave anxiety." Evidently, British distrust of Russia has not been converted into full faith in Turkey.

And Russia herself, so long, in the language of Hammer-Purgstall, "the oracle of Turkish diplomacy, the arbiter of peace or war" in everything concerning the Balkans—Russia, who since the death of Stambuloff has had Ferdinand of Bulgaria in the hollow of her hand, who has dominated Montenegro, carried on a successful propaganda in Crete, shaped the destinies of Servia, and even cast longing eyes in the direction of Rumania—why is official Russia silent in regard to the most recent phase of the Eastern question? The answer must be sought, of course, in the Far East. Whatever the outcome of the war, there can be no doubt that its mere outbreak was a bitter disappointment to the party in Russia which stands for Panslavism—the union of all Slavic races under Russian hegemony, if not under the Russian sceptre. The Macedonian insurrection was one of the most convenient pretexts for the agitators of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the press of both cities, no less than the leaders of "society," frowned upon a war which threatened to divert attention from Panslavist achievements in the Balkan States.

It was evident that a war in the Far East meant a strengthening of Austro-Hungarian influence in the Near East, and all the effusive sympathy of Czechs and South Slavs, as expressed in telegrams to Russian papers at the outbreak of hostilities, could not disguise the plain fact that, for the time being, Panslavist agitation in Macedonia and elsewhere in the Balkan peninsula had received a check. The change of front on the part of the press, in obedience to authoritative hints, was unmistakable. Both the *Viedomosti* and the *Russ*, which had hitherto been most emphatic in asserting the claims of the South Slavs as against "German aggression," suddenly held the Macedonian question to be of minor importance, and admitted that the fate of the Panslavist agitation depended largely upon the issue of the war with Japan. Most significant was the declaration of Mr. Tcherep-Spiridovitch, the president of the Slavic Charity Union, in an address delivered at Moscow:

> "Slavdom is now passing through a momentous crisis in its history. . . . The hostile sentiment toward us in England, America, Italy, and even in certain circles of France; the endeavors of the Vienna press to stir up public feeling against us, and to create complications in the Balkan peninsula, in order to incite Turkey, Rumania, and Greece against us, and to bring about the annexation of Macedonia and Old Servia by Austria; the incessant hostile agitation carried on within Russia herself, and the encouragement of separatist and revolutionary tendencies in Finland, Armenia, Poland, Little Russia, and among the Mohammedans; the mission to Sweden of the Japanese ambassador at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of fomenting the anti-Russian agitation; and, finally, the possibility of a hostile rising in China—all this imposes upon us the necessity of preventing, by every means in our power, the formation of a coalition which would be far more dangerous than that of the year 1855."

It is clear that the Russian defeats have for the time being put a stop to the more or less open Panslavist propaganda in the Balkan peninsula. Panslavic glory, seventy years ago, lay in purely literary and linguistic union, in which Russia was only one of the elements, together with Poles, Czechs, and the Slavs on the Save and the lower Danube, and on both sides of the western Carpathians. After 1830 even the Poles could for a short time forget the wrong suffered at the hands of Russia, and, under the leadership of their great poet Mickiewicz, swell the Panslavist chorus. To-day, Panslavism is chiefly a political issue, but it may be doubted whether the rallying cry of Russia will ever be as potent as it once was. Possibly we may hear from some centre of South Slavic activity such a protest against Russian pretensions as came a few weeks ago from Cracow, in Galicia, through the Pan-Polish organ of the National League. This league is a secret patriotic organization, whose activity extends over all the three parts of the former Kingdom of Poland, with headquarters in Warsaw; and its address, while undisguised in its rejoicing over Russian defeat, counsels worldly wisdom, and faith in the breakdown of the pernicious government of that blind bureaucracy which has been the bane of Russia and is primarily responsible for her present disasters.

And Russian Panslavists appear equally blind to the effect which the fortunes of the war in the East are bound to have upon the impressionable imagination of the peoples of the Balkan States—for the aspirations of Serbs, Bulgarians, Bosniaks, Montenegrins, Rumanians, Greeks, and Albanians are primarily national, and are becoming increasingly so. Racial consanguinity, literary affiliations, even religious ties, are giving way to considerations of trade and material success. Nicholas of Montenegro, the ablest of Balkan rulers and poet though he be, while as tenacious as ever of his dream of a restored Old Servian Empire, has, through the marriage of his daughter to the King of Italy, entered Old World politics. Servia cherishes the memory of the great days of the fourteenth century, as Bulgaria does those of the old Bulgarian Czars. Albanians—Christian and Moslem alike—are turning toward Italy or Austria for material advantages. In fact, the wonderful success of the Hapsburg monarchy in dealing with Bosnia and Herzegovina has introduced an element into the Balkan problem which every one of the countries in the peninsula will have to reckon with, and which is bound to disturb the dreams of Russia.

### *THE SOCIAL NOVEL.*

Some three years ago the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post* wrote enthusiastically of an Alsatian novel called 'Les Oberlé.' It seemed to mark the emergence of a young writer, René Bazin, who had devoted an exquisite, if apparently slight, talent to the description of country life in France. Within three years of the appearance of that notable book, M. Bazin has been chosen to fill the chair in the Academy left vacant by the aged Legouvé. The formal reception of M. Bazin gave M. Brunetière an amirable opportunity to comment upon the novel in general, and upon this new novelist in particular, as a representative of the social tendency in fiction. Indeed, these academic orations, however perfunctory at times, have at least the use of supplying an organ of expression for cultured Paris. Under the dome of the Institute are said things—wise and true things sometimes—which in Anglo-Saxon countries re-

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main unformulated and only vaguely understood.

At first sight it was incongruous that M. Bazin, a conscious and almost a painful artist of the phrase, should have been selected to make the eulogy of the centenarian Legouvé. For has not Legouvé said of himself somewhere: "I would have been a great soul, and I have been only a good fellow"? Indeed, the contrast is somewhat striking between Legouvé, the delightful *bourgeois* lecturer, faddist, and playwright at large, and Bazin, the self-contained artist of the perishing land ('La Terre qui Meurt'). But the apparent antithesis was not too wide for M. Brunetière's dialectic. He found that M. Bazin's novels, particularly 'Les Oberlé' and 'Donatienne,' were infused with the simple humanitarian spirit so strong in Ernest Legouvé; that Bazin had compassionated the toilers of the farms much as Legouvé had succored the wounded of the siege of Paris. And, naturally, the consideration of social tendency in M. Bazin's fiction gave M. Brunetière a new opportunity to frame in new words his indictment of the old naturalists and realists, and to preach once more his favorite doctrine that literature must be judged according to its social implications.

On this theme he spoke with more than usual eloquence. Recalling that M. Bazin's beginnings fell at the time when the battle of the naturalists was at its height, M. Brunetière struck straight at the great Flaubert:

"To speak only of the chief, master, and guide, don't you think it would be one of the most painful things in the world to be one of Flaubert's characters? . . . They surely are not the spoiled children of his fancy. . . . How he sets his *bourgeois* up before you and makes them atone for the crime of not being artists! And, without dreaming that he himself perhaps is a little to blame, how he scorns them for having come into the world! Was not that the great error of our naturalistic school? It did not love the creatures its talent had made. . . . Painters, novelists, dramatists, poets even, all, or nearly all, were pitiless towards the lowly world which they represented to us. They studied it, one would say, only to ridicule or insult it. Their doctrine of art was only the expression of their pride as a literary aristocracy. And what was the result? Simply that they have generally expressed and represented only appearances. Truth, which in order to be found needs not so much to be striven for as to be loved, withheld herself from them."

Probably M. Bazin blenched at the insinuation that his art, simply because more pitiful, was greater than that of Flaubert, and the compliment, for M. Brunetière, was heavy-handed; but the novelist of the social disorder throughout rural France undoubtedly agreed with the critic when M. Brunetière said: "Literature is not a diversion of mandarins. . . . Such as we are, we write neither to kill time, nor in the absence of more serious occupation, nor to express our personality (concerning which our fellow-men are much less curious than we suppose), nor to display our virtuosity. . . . The nineteenth century ended by understanding this, and it was all up with the doctrine of art for art." Recalling Alexandre Dumas's taunt that the phrase consisted of three meaningless words, M. Brunetière protested, "No, not meaningless; full of meaning, on the contrary; but of bad meaning, of doubtful and dangerous meaning."

"One may make Science its own be-all and end-all, because, . . . though we did not exist, the world of science would be about what it is. We may suppose so at least. We may believe, with likelihood, that, though we were not, the planets would none the less swing their orbits across infinite space; and it does not seem probable that if we, some day, should disappear from the surface of the earth, nature and life would be annihilated and disappear with us."

"But art," continued M. Brunetière—"what is art without man? To what would it appeal? What would its subjects be? Art has properly no existence and reality except for man and by man—in humanity, for the senses it delights, for the hearts which it consoles, exalts, or fortifies. That is why the first condition of art is to be human, even before it is art."

No one will imagine that this view is novel. It was formulated in Greece long before Matthew Arnold had said that poetry was "criticism of life," or Tolstoy had more sweepingly insisted that art was the communication of emotion; but it is a doctrine which M. Brunetière has made his own, and a salutary one, to preach to artists. It should not be forgotten, however, that in M. Brunetière's fervor there is a dogmatism quite as marked as ever there was in the art-for-art people. Your scornful geniuses, your Flauberts and Maupassants, cannot so easily be wiped off the slate as abnormal or anti-social. They, too, are a variety of human kind. In fact, M. Brunetière has himself failed in compassion in failing to perceive that the inevitable conflict between the individual and society is far more tragic in the case of the artist than it is in the case of the average man. And he did not admit that, while the world might be the better if artists had generally borne the social yoke meekly, it certainly would be the poorer in works of art. But in general M. Brunetière's homily was wholesome, and M. Bazin is surely incapable of flattering himself that Flaubert is finally dethroned because pity married to literature has produced social novels as good as 'Les Oberlé.'

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, April 30, 1904.

As you enter the courtyard of Burlington House just now, you see, rising in the centre, a large equestrian statue, the first exhibit you come to in this year's Academy, though the last numbered in the catalogue. The figure of a man, nude, muscular, vigor in every limb, sits astride a large horse with the same suggestion of force in its equally well-developed muscles, in its pose and action. In both, there is something heroic, something, you feel before even opening your catalogue, of allegory. And you are right. For, when you do consult the catalogue, you find that the group is the work of Mr. Watts, and that it is called "Physical Energy." That it is noble and impressive purely as sculpture, there can be no question. But you cannot help wondering whether Mr. Watts, with his tendency to preach a sermon in everything he does, did not place it in its present position as a sort of solemn warning or in grim satire. If you could suspect Mr. Watts of a sense of humor, you would think, indeed, that he meant it as a titanic jest, for a less appropriate symbol could not be set up at the threshold of the Academy. If there is one thing more than another one looks for in vain on Academic walls, it is surely "physical energy"—or energy of any kind. It would seem as if the men and women who painted all the anæmic canvases that fill gallery after gallery, had not the strength to use their eyes, as if it were all they could do to hold a brush in their indifferent fingers. It is this general effect of weakness and debility and utter futility that strikes one more and more at the Academy as the years go on, and as the artists of the slightest individuality and accomplishment become more and more disinclined to contribute to it. But, for this very reason, any work that reveals the least strength, the least "go," the least indication of personality, appears at the Academy the more remarkable. And so I am brought round again to Mr. Sargent.

It has been the same now for some time past. Mr. Sargent triumphs by sheer "physical energy." His canvases, full of life and vigor and vivacity, make him tower a giant among the anæmic pygmies, however he might stand worthier competition. And at the present moment he is showing not only at the Academy, but in three other of the principal London exhibitions. At the New English Art Club, whose members have at least enough energy to want to see and express things in the right way, even if they do not always succeed in doing so, Mr. Sargent has a small study in water-color of a couple of Spanish soldiers lounging in their barracks that makes everything round it fade into insignificance, so surely and swiftly does he, with simple washes and a few touches of pure color, get what the other exhibitors, using the same medium, miss altogether, despite—or because of—their imperfectly concealed striving. That several studies—again of Spanish soldiers, of a vase in a garden, of the Salute in Venice—should produce the same impression at the Old Water Color Society is less surprising, for members of that eminently respectable British institution have, ever since William Hunt, looked upon niggling and minute finish as the supreme virtues of the art of water-color. Then, at the New Gallery, Mr. Sargent has two portraits—one of an elderly, gray-haired lady; the other of Mr. Lucy, "Toby, M.P.," whose dulness in *Punch* is such a perplexing contrast to the brilliancy of his reputation. But these two portraits are far from representing Mr. Sargent at his best, and, anywhere else, I fancy they would

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not strike one as particularly notable. Nor do I think the six at the Academy—the Academician is now limited to six works—will eventually be counted among his finest, while certainly of these the three most ambitious in size and scheme cannot be considered the most successful. Already, the large full-length of the Duchess of Sutherland is the most talked about of the six, though this is due not to Mr. Sargent's work, but to the social rank and notorious beauty of his sitter. It may seem extraordinary to find fault with Mr. Sargent for over-prettiness, and yet he now comes dangerously near it; beauty apparently bewildering rather than interesting him. Of course, judged by Academical standards—for example by Mr. Dicksee's excursions into millinery, the fault might be thought to lie the other way. It is Mr. Sargent's luck that in London he is always judged by such standards.

The Duchess stands in a shady garden, and against the background of dark green foliage the paler green of her long flowing gown makes a cool, pleasant harmony. Her neck and arms are bare. One hand rests on the rim of the low basin of an unused fountain, the other falls lightly at her side, holding a branch broken from the near thicket. The pose is graceful and charming. But it is not easy to understand why the sunlight that falls here and there on the gown and, beyond, on the marble pedestal and bust under the trees, should have no effect whatever on the flesh of neck and arms. It may be said that the whole arrangement is conventional—the arrangement of the eighteenth-century portrait painter. But why should the play of light on minor details be carefully observed and noted when the most important part of the picture is summarily disposed of according to the laws of an outworn convention?

The large "Countess of Latham" is still more formal in design and treatment. The pose of the seated figure, the flow of the sumptuous velvet draperies, the architectural background with its accompanying curtain, all suggest Lawrence; so much so, that I wonder if the portrait were painted after last winter's exhibition at the Academy when Lawrence was the "Deceased British Master" to receive special prominence. But there is nothing of Lawrence in the head. It suggests no one but Mr. Sargent—and Mr. Sargent when the personality of his sitter has aroused in him not the shadow of interest. I seem to have seen the same head in more than one of his recent portraits.

At the third of his large canvases it is impossible to look with unprejudiced eyes so long as it hangs in the present exhibition. It represents Lord Londonderry in his robes of state, and it so happens that there are two other portraits almost as large, by two other painters, of two other dignitaries in all their official splendor. One is "The Marquess of Linlithgow," by Mr. Robert Brough, who, a few years ago, was thought almost the most promising of the younger men; the other is "The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot," by Mr. Herkomer. But in neither has the imagination of the artist carried him beyond the pose, the accessories, the vision of the photographer, and it must be a court tailor's dummy upon whom the robes are hung. But Mr. Sargent has at least risen to a sense of the stateliness these robes demand. He shows Lord Londonderry not only in his official dress, but performing his official functions, as he appeared at the Coronation. Through the dim aisles of the Abbey he advances, bearing aloft the great Sword of State, with a swagger which I hope is not wholly the artist's invention; his gorgeous train and peer's coronet borne by a little page in a costume scarcely less picturesque. But again one asks if the distinction of the portrait is due to the merit of the painter or the feebleness of his rivals. And, really, even at the Academy, the "Lord Londonderry" does not appeal to me as much as the smaller, less gorgeous, less pretentious portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer. Here there is none of the audacity that has made Mr. Sargent's paintings of other members of the family so sensational. It is a fairly quiet study of an elderly woman, of the quality of the warm flesh of a face under a heavy coat of powder, of the different textures of an elaborate black gown, of rich ornament in the various detail; and it is painted with the knowledge which, at the Academy, is a pleasure in itself. What a comfort, how restful, after the Academical bungling and clumsiness, simply to have one's eyes carried so easily down the gilt curves of the chair by the long, sweeping, expressive brush marks! For rendering of character the still more unpretentious study of Gen. Wood, U. S. A., is finer; while if the presentation portrait of "T. L. Devitt, Esq., President of the Shipping Federation," fails to interest one as a portrait, the model of a ship that fills the background is perhaps the best piece of painting in the Academy. But, having said so much, I must add that one begins to feel in Mr. Sargent's portraits something of fatigue, as if he had been "turning them out" too rapidly. Only, even in his fatigue, he is more vigorous than the average exhibitor at the Academy.

You have only to glance at the other portraits to realize how much he gains by the absence of competitors. Mr. J. J. Shannon is unusually uninteresting this year. Signor Mancini's eccentricities of technique are a drawback to qualities otherwise amusing in his work. Mr. Charles Furse, lately elected an Associate, whose principal portrait balances Mr. Sargent's "Duchess of Sutherland" on the walls of the large gallery, comes very near failing altogether from a too obvious determination to be vigorous at any cost. His "Diana of the Uplands" (his title for the portrait) stands holding in two impatient greyhounds as she struggles against the wind that sweeps across the high moorland. She wears a long white silk cloak and a large-flowered hat, as out of place in her surroundings as the exaggerated movement seems in such a conventionalized landscape. Here you have vigor bought at too dear an artistic price. And there is a similar contradiction in Mr. Furse's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver fishing in a rocky pool. Everything is as realistically rendered as possible, except just what is most essential—the atmosphere. The two figures, especially that of the man, are as flat as if cut out and stuck on the canvas. Mr. Furse, you would think, had been exhausted by his bid for independence in the composition. I have already heard Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Sir Samuel Montagu much praised. But it would be difficult, surely, for any painter of ability not to realize so pronounced a type, and beyond this realization I see nothing in the portrait, certainly none of Mr. Orchardson's finer qualities. Indeed, this is not a notable year for him. In a portrait of a woman—just the head and shoulders—he has had more of a chance for the exquisite detail he loves in the chiffon of the bodice and the roses stuck in its folds; but the face is curiously empty. As for the other portraits, there is none to which special attention need be called, unless for the distinction or notoriety of the sitter; as, for instance, in the case of Mr. Herkomer's "Mr. Chamberlain," though I do not know whether it was to accentuate those now familiar characteristics, thanks to which the task of the British caricaturist has been made easy for him, that Mr. Herkomer shows himself unexpectedly reserved in the treatment of the room he has given Mr. Chamberlain for background.

There is some little pretence of vigor in a few large allegories that might have strayed from the Salon. At least, the men who painted them had the energy to attack a large stretch of canvas. But this is their only virtue. Nor can more be said for the one or two huge records of public ceremonies; this sort of subject could not be seen, and then rendered, with more crudeness than by the British artist. The only large decoration, done for a definite purpose, that promises to prove effective when in its proper place, is Mr. Brangwyn's "Departure of Lancaster for the East Indies," one of a series of panels for the Skinners' Company. It is badly hung at the Academy, which might seem a matter of course if Mr. Brangwyn were not one of the lately elected Associates; his election and Mr. Furse's being looked upon as the Academy's concession to the recent loud and severe criticism of Academical policy. As far as one can tell, as one studies the panel here, Mr. Brangwyn does not rely solely upon the size of his canvas to give a feeling of bigness and dignity to his design. He knows how to distribute his figures, how to make them tell as spaces of strong, harmonious color. The groups that build up both sides of his composition separate to show, between, the blue water, a ship with sails spread, and, above, a blue, romantic sky. And throughout he observes an intelligent regard for the decorative value of his painting on a flat wall. Sometimes Mr. Brangwyn threatens to fall a victim to his own mannerisms, and admission into the Academy, unfortunately, is not an inducement for an artist to do the best that is in him. But in this panel Mr. Brangwyn has done his best as well as one can see, and there are few things as strong in the exhibition. Another piece of decorative work, smaller in scale and simpler in design, is Mr. Abbey's central panel and the reredos for the Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris. Mr. Abbey has taken the old altarpiece of the Primitives as model. On a background of flat gold the cross rises in very low relief. On it hangs the Christ; on one side St. John holding the chalice, on the other the Blessed Virgin with clasped hands. But if the design of the Primitive is easy to copy, his unconscious, his unintentional naïveté is not. Mr. Abbey's faces are too modern, while, in the endeavor to produce the necessary flatness of effect, the draperies are not

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only without modelling, but without the decorative lines and folds the Primitives knew so well how to give them. It seems to me that Mr. Abbey has fallen between two conventions. He has another picture, "A Measure," a large upright. Out of the subject he might have made one of his charming pen-and-ink drawings. In the foreground, a woman, in voluminous white draperies, moves in a melancholy dance; beyond, halfway up a flight of stairs, two musicians, in the costumes Mr. Abbey knows so well, are posed; at the top, a group of people look on; and to their left, through an open loggia, are glimpses of a brilliant blue sky—an arrangement, however, that would tell to better effect on the stage of the old Lyceum, or the new His Majesty's, than on canvas within a frame.

A few landscapes are among the rare pleasures of the exhibition. On press day, a critic whispered in my ear that it is a Clausen year. I cannot quite agree, for I have seen pictures by Mr. Clausen that surpass in poetry of conception and charm of execution the four he is now showing. But Mr. Clausen always has the grace to try and see Nature pictorially and to remember that there are such things as light and atmosphere. After the big Academic arrangements by Mr. Waterlow and Mr. David Murray, after the too evident, artificial attempts by Mr. Alfred East to "arrange" his landscapes on the old picturesque lines, it is a relief to come to Mr. Clausen's quiet, honest study of "Willow Trees" and of the sky at evening, or of his group of "Gleaners" returning from the fields. In the first he shows that he has learned from Barbizon how to lead your eyes into his picture, so that, without being distracted by disturbing detail, you can see the loveliness of the heavens in which the last glory of the sunset lingers, and the strange tone, the mystery, of the willows silhouetted against it. And he seems to have brought his weary "Gleaners," with their ungainly bundles, trudging homeward, to the very front of his picture, so as to make you feel how statuesque the laborer may become in her weariness—how even a shapeless mass may have its pictorial value if only it keep its relative place in the aerial envelope.

I often think that Mr. La Thangue, by emphasizing his own crudeness, helps one at the Academy to appreciate Mr. Clausen's refinement. For Mr. La Thangue, choosing very much the same subjects, refuses to see them pictorially that he may, as he probably believes, see them more realistically. And so his sunlight, whether of the brilliant south or the cold north, hurts with its hard glitter. His figures appear to be made of cast iron, to have been looked at through a camera. M. Thaulow has one of his marvellously true studies of snow and ice in Norway, and another of running water in "The River Dordogne." Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Edward Stott both have characteristic pictures, and other good landscapes might be discovered if it were not, apparently, an article of faith at the Academy that paintings should be hung so as to show to the worst advantage.

The water colors and black and white, as usual, are feeble beyond belief; which is the more unpardonable as only this winter the International Society proved what tremendous interest could be given to a well-selected and well-hung series of drawings and prints. In the Sculpture Gallery, from Mr. Alfred Gilbert one has the same bracing feeling of "physical energy" as from Mr. Sargent among the painters. He shows the head of an old woman in an enormous hood drawn over her cap, and he calls it "The Mother of the 9th Symphony," much to the bewilderment of the critic. But it makes little difference what he calls it, or what it means. I have seldom seen such a wonderful study of an old face, lined and wrinkled, but strong and beautiful with age. The detail of exquisitely suggested lace and a rosary at the throat seems a trifle inappropriate, but Mr. Gilbert cannot suppress his delight in delicate detail — the goldsmith's delight; and, after all, it does not destroy the solemnity of the face. There is also a bronze group of "Angel and Child" for a tomb, by Mr. John H. M. Furse, as beautiful in sentiment as in form and line. Mr. Swan's little statuette "A Mermaid" proves how well he understands the value of silver to the sculptor. But there is little else. And artists and craftsmen will miss the examples of enamel and of the silversmith's work that sometimes have been such a feature in the sculpture section. Mr. Alexander Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, hitherto frequent contributors, now send nothing.

N. N.

## CORSICA.

CORSICA, April, 1904.

All the islands of the Mediterranean have some features in common—a keen, dry, brilliant air, picturesque shores, a flora of the same general type. But Corsica is unlike all the rest in its greenness, and in respect of its greenness it is the most pleasing to the eye. The interior of Sicily is bare and brown. There is a good deal of Africa about Sardinia and the Balearic Isles; while many of the eastern islands, and especially the "shining Cyclades," are little better than masses of bright white rock set in a blue sea. Corsica, however, has verdure everywhere, not only because her situation gives her a pretty copious rainfall, but because the great height of the central mountains provides stores of snow which feed the streams till far on in the summer. Thus she is in many ways the most striking and romantic of all these Mediterranean isles, with peaks loftier than any in Sicily (except Etna) or in Crete or in Cyprus, and a combination of elements of beauty scarcely to be found elsewhere.

Corsica is full of mountains. A lofty chain traverses it from north to south, sending off so many spurs in all directions that there is, except in one district on the east side of the range, hardly any level ground in the island. A mountainous country is not necessarily a beautiful country; for though it must always have elements of grandeur, it may be grim, hard, forbidding, as are the mountain regions of large parts of Asia and Africa. Forms may be tame, color may be dull or monotonous. But in Corsica, with its abundant streams and its luxuriant vegetation, the mountains secure their full landscape value. They rise within a few miles of the sea to heights often exceeding eight thousand feet, and so make upon the eye a due impression of their magnitude. Their lines are usually bold, and often noble. They are mostly built of granite, gneiss, or porphyry, and so have that solid strength and majesty which specially belongs to the old crystalline rocks. Their crests bristle with spiry pinnacles, their faces show long rows of projecting towers, while beneath there are deep gorges, where a torrent roars through a trackless glen between unscalable precipices. One is reminded sometimes of the high Alps, sometimes of the finest among the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. The snow, moreover, which on the Apennines disappears altogether in the summer, remains in this moister air till July or August upon the loftiest peaks, and gives an indefinable sense of remoteness and purity to the glittering summits.

In another respect Corsica has a great advantage over even the wildest parts of the Apennines. She has retained a great part of her ancient forests. On both sides of the central range, at heights varying from two to five thousand feet, the valleys are filled with dense woods. The lower zone is composed, as in Italy, mostly of chestnuts; the upper zone of beeches. Both are beautiful, in their several ways. The beech has a brighter green, and more frequently reaches a great size. But the chestnut permits a freer growth of grass and of shrubs beneath its shade, and gives sylvan landscapes of incomparable loveliness. Very different and even grander in their effect are the pine forests, of which a good many still remain in the inner valleys, under the shadow of the great peaks. The Corsican pine (*Pinus Laricio*), tall, straight, of a sombre dark green, attains a great age and vast dimensions. Many and many a tree is two or three hundred years old, and far exceeds a hundred feet in height. No forests of evergreens in the Alps or in Germany rival the stately gloom of such Corsican valleys as Bavella, Aïtone, or Valdoniello. This last-named fills a deep circular hollow under the pass of the Col di Vergio. Lofty mountains, snow covered till May or June, raise their stupendous rocky walls above it; green pastures sweep down to it from below the rock walls. It lies beneath, a vast, sombre mass, here and there open where the woodcutters have been at work, and letting the huge, straight bare trunks, crested at the top by a mass of foliage, display their splendid proportions; in other places, so dense as to make a green twilight of darkness and silence. The wind sweeping up the valley sometimes sinks to a moan, sometimes swells to a deep roar, which rises from the hollow and echoes far away among the recesses of the crags.

Not less beautiful than are these inner forests, and far more cheerful, is the vegetation which clothes so profusely the lower hills and descends to the very edge of this sunny Southern sea. Corsica has of all the Mediterranean coasts the greatest abundance of scrub wood and undergrowth. Nothing is so characteristic of its scenery as are the masses of shrubs which form what the people call *macchie* or (in French) *maquis*. This shrub growth consists chiefly of heath, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet high, with a wealth of whitish or purplish flowers, of glossy arbutus, of lentisk with its reddish blossoms, and of two kinds of cistus—one with large blossoms of a brilliant pink, the other with somewhat smaller white flowers, resembling at a little distance the white roses of an English hedgerow. Other plants grow among the *maquis*, especially the aromatic

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rosemary with light blue, and the lavender with dark purple, flowers, as well as more than one kind of a broomlike shrub whose yellow blossoms light up the pale heath and the darker green of arbutus and ilex. It is these shrubs that give to Corsica that peculiar scent of which Napoleon used to talk at St. Helena as the feature of his birthland that most recalled it to him, as indeed it most dwells in the memory of those who know the isle, for nothing takes a stronger hold on memory than odors. It is half pungent from the aromatic flowers, half sweet from the honeyed leaves of the cistus and the fainter scent of the heath blossoms. It comes out best under the sun; nor is anything more delicious than the whiffs of fragrance which the cool mountain breeze brings down along these slopes.

One other feature of the vegetation must not be forgotten. The evergreen oak, at times low enough to be a part of the *maquis*, sometimes becomes almost a forest tree, and, with its graceful outline and its dense dark-green glossy foliage, forms here and there thickets of singular beauty. Thus there is hardly a hillside, save the highest pastures and craggy precipices, that has not in Corsica some charm of wood or shrub or flower; the variety as remarkable as the luxuriance.

But Corsica is not only a land of mountains. It is also an island, and the sea penetrates its western and northern coasts in so many deep inlets as to be almost everywhere near, and a constant presence in views from the heights. Beyond the foreground of rocky peaks or gorges, beyond the middle distance of woods or heath-clothed slopes, one has the shining sheet of the Mediterranean—blue if it be near, gray if more remote—stretched out on the horizon of all the wider prospects, adding an amplitude and a mystery to the grandeur of the forms and the richness of the colors. All the western shores are lovely, with their endless succession of bays guarded at each horn by foam-lit promontories, while, far within, the wave ripples more softly on a beach of sand or pebbles. But perhaps the most attractive piece of coast is that which forms the western side of Cap Corse, the long and narrow peninsula that projects thirty miles northward from the main mass of the island. Here mountains rising steeply to three or four thousand feet descend in thickly wooded slopes mostly covered with *maquis*, but sometimes also terraced by the labor of many generations into vineyards and olive yards and citron orchards and tiny fields of corn. The road, mostly keeping several hundred feet above sea level, winds along a shelf cut in the rocks, sometimes climbing a bold promontory, sometimes doubling up one of the deep glens through which cheerful little brooks descend from their fountains high up among the hills. Villages more populous and more prosperous than in almost any other part of Corsica (for the people are here exceptionally industrious) are built irregularly along the slopes that face the western sun, half covered during springtime by the soft white veil of pear and plum and cherry blossom. To the southwest the great snowy line of Monte Cinto and its companions bounds the view, while beyond the blue sea-plain the summits of the Maritime Alps can in clear weather be faintly descried. Of all the beautiful landscapes which the Mediterranean coasts have to show, there is none, not even the northern side of Majorca, more beautiful than this, because none is so rich in its mingling of wild verdure with what Homer calls the rich works of man.

One other piece of scenery deserves to be mentioned, because in it, too, the grandeur of land and sea is brought together. The village of Evisa stands not far from the west coast on a grassy ridge, over which chestnut trees are scattered, some 2,600 feet above the sea. Behind it to the east is the great forest of Aïtone, filling a valley between lofty mountains, the northern range topped by a line of savage granite crags. On the north, just behind the village, this green ridge drops in precipices to a gorge so deep that the eye cannot reach its bottom. Full to the west the gorge, joined from the south by another almost as deep, falls to the sea between tremendous rock towers, square towers of red porphyry, standing out on each side from the main mountain masses, and forming a sort of gigantic portal through which the river descends to the bay of Porto. I saw this portal first at eventide, when heavy mists hung over the tops of the crags, and the setting sun shot from beneath a cloud a ruddy glow over the cliffs, with a faint gleam reflected from the dim gray waters. It looked like the gateway to some unknown world, such a gateway as Dante might have set upon the path that led to the waters of Cocytus. I saw it again in the morning, when the piece of sea framed between the red rock walls shone like a sapphire, and the full light showed pine trees clinging to the face of the precipices, and white lines of waterfalls flashing among the crags. The little sandy bay, guarded by these mighty walls, with a soft murmur descending from the great dark forest behind, seemed such a strand as that on which Ulysses found the Lotus Eaters, happily far removed from the world of toil and care. Nor was this little bay less lovely when, following the track down the gorge, one reached the gentler slopes that surround it. I have never seen a more striking contrast than was here between the inexorable sternness of the mountain lines and the rich, soft profusion of the hanging woods, evergreen oak and sheeny arbutus and fragrant heath, lit up by the pink and white blossoms of the cistus and the yellow masses of broom, mingled with olive and fig tree, while in front there was the serene immensity of the sea, neither stern like the rocks nor genial like the woods, but impassive, changeless, silent, yet voiceful with the ripple of many waves.

Scenery like this, or like the Calanche, to which one comes following the road to the southward round the coast, a succession of deep ravines between precipitous towers of rock falling abruptly to the sea—such a landscape as might be formed by setting the aiguilles that surround the Mer de Glace in a blue sea from which only their upper three thousand feet would stand out—ought to have inspired poets or occupied painters. But Corsica has had no poet and no painter. Nor has this scenery any associations with the life of man in the past. Nothing seems to have ever happened there. One feels in gazing on a Corsican landscape much as one feels in the solitudes of the New World, in the Rocky Mountains, or the Yosemite Valley, or among the forests of eastern Cuba. Nothing seems to have ever happened in Corsica. It is nature and nature only that one has to thank for whatever of beauty there is. The villages are, as a rule, singularly unpicturesque, with their tall, bare, austerely plain houses, standing detached upon the hillside, never a creeper trained upon them or a flowerbed by the door. Scarcely a church seems more than two centuries old; scarcely any has the smallest architectural merit. The only relics of the past are the watch towers, usually round, but sometimes square, that stand at intervals along the coast, most of them built by the Genoese in the days when Barbary pirates hovered round these shores, ready to swoop down upon any defenceless hamlet and carry off the inhabitants into slavery. The people of Corsica seem to have been in past centuries but slightly affected by the general movements of European life, and they have left few memorials of their earlier days. But the people of Corsica are too large a subject to be discussed at the end of a letter. I must reserve for another a few comments upon them.

# Correspondence.

## THE "TOMB OF IDOMENEUS" AT KNOSSOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Arthur Evans has not yet closed his this year's campaign at Knossos, and accounts of his fifth year's work upon the site of the Labyrinth are not yet received, beyond the general statement that work there is making good progress. But again there has been a surprise resulting from trials made upon ground adjoining the House of the Double Axe. By the end of April, excavations in a headland north of Knossos which widely commands both land and sea in all directions, and towers above the Labyrinth site, have brought to light a great stone Mausoleum consisting of a square chamber capped by a lofty gable constructed after the fashion of the Cyclopean pointed galleries in the fortress at Tiryns. This chamber is approached by an arched entrance-passage. There seems no doubt that this passage was arched, although its upper courses have been much ruined and the whole of it has been seriously quarried into. This combination of the arch with the "Cyclopean" gable is most unexpected, and somewhat disconcerting, since the gable has hitherto figured as a makeshift for the arch in early buildings of this kind. In other ways, too, the new building is quite unique. Its magnitude may be roughly guessed at from the fact that it has taken sixty men a fortnight to clear the débris. That its general nature is sepulchral may be gathered from the discovery of a cist-grave below the floor in one corner.

Nearly all the metal objects which may confidently be supposed to have been placed wihin the great square sepulchral chamber have disappeared. Doubtless they were removed in ancient times. Nevertheless, scattered relics of the original contents have been found. Interesting among these are clay impressions of the royal signet, familiar already as found in various parts of the Labyrinth. Indeed, not only

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originals but evident forgeries of this same signet have come to light there. Another link demonstrating close connection with the Labyrinth was forthcoming in the remains of painted jars of the finer "palace style." This style has received its name from the Knossian palace, where alone examples of it had hitherto been found. Also, a carved stone lamp with a pommel of crystal was unearthed in the sepulchral chamber, and finds its nearest analogue in the stone vases, lamps, and crystal objects already discovered in the palace near by. From the newly discovered Mausoleum also have been taken several objects which must be classed with the examples of early Egyptian art gathered up here and there in the palace. Mr. Evans mentions among the new discoveries of this class an Egyptian basalt bowl, an Egyptian necklace of lapis-lazuli with pendent figures, and many alabastra.

He surmises that the sepulchral monument thus discovered was built for one of the last kings of the House of Minos, inasmuch as only one grave was found in it, although there was room and to spare for others. Accordingly, he hazards the conjecture that this great monument may perhaps in some way represent or stand for the traditional tomb of Idomeneus, mentioned as one of the sights of Knossos by Diodorus (v. 79), who even gives the epitaph that stood upon it. It is needless to say that no such inscription has come to light as that quoted by Diodorus.

LOUIS DYER.

OXFORD, May 4, 1904.

## SHAKSPERE'S BOHEMIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very strange that the "learned" ever should have puzzled over the seashore of Bohemia in the "Winter's Tale," since the perfect explanation lies wide open, at least as soon as we open Greene's "Pandosto," from which the play is taken and where that shore appears. It would be precisely like wondering "for 300 years" at some large departure from history in "Macbeth," and never observing the same in Holinshed. Some of the historic facts noted—Bohemia having played a far larger rôle in earlier centuries than recently—might account for Greene's conceptions; but those of a sixteenth-century novel are hardly more needful to account for than the like in romances of Arthur or Charlemagne. This Bohemia of course is fairyland, with no more relation to geography than that of city "artists."

Respectfully,

EDWARD FARQUHAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1904.

# Notes.

The French Société des Bibliophiles is preparing a study of the illuminated MSS. of Augustine's 'De Civitate Dei.' They are very desirous to discover the possessor of the MS. of this work which was sold on May 23, 1889, by Messrs. Sotheby at the Hamilton sale. Information should be sent to Comte A. de Laborde, 5 Avenue du Trocadéro, Paris.

Mr. Berenson some months ago called attention in these columns to a project for publishing photographic reproductions of works of art in English private collections and elsewhere. This has now taken shape in The Arundel Club, whose committee is headed by Lord Balcarres, associated with Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Martin Conway, Sidney Colvin, Lionel Cust, Claude Phillips, John S. Sargent, and other weighty names. The annual subscription is one guinea, and if a start is made with 100 subscribers, probably fifteen photographs will be the return to each member; the number of prints increasing with the support. It is in contemplation to issue a second and even a third series for subscribers willing to pay therefor. But the first series will be tried alone, and will deal wholly with the Old Masters. The honorable secretary to be addressed for enrolment is Robert Ross, Esq., No. 10 Sheffield Gardens, Kensington, London, W. Payments on account of the Club should be made to Messrs. Barclay & Co., Ltd., No. 1 Pall Mall East, S. W. March 1 is the date of annual renewal.

The Leipzig Kunsthistorischer Verlag (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is just beginning issue of a 'Niederländisches Künstler-Lexikon,' based on research in the archives, and edited by Dr. Alfred von Wurzbach. It will record nearly 2,000 monograms. The work which it supplants, Nagler's, has in thirty years become quite antiquated. Biographies will be given of all Dutch and Flemish painters whose products have come down to us, with descriptions of their authentic works in public and private galleries, and of engravings after them. Painters, engravers, etchers, sculptors, medallionists, architects, even art patrons and collectors, will be looked after. The range is to the close of the last century. Two octavo volumes will result.

'Rubens,' by H. Knackfuss (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is as fully illustrated as its companion "Monographs on Artists," and the text gives pretty much all that the average reader will care for in the way of biography, though it contains little either important or interesting as criticism. We are assured that the translation, by Louise M. Richter, has been revised by Mr. Hobart Cust, "so that, while retaining the meaning of the German original in its integrity, the differences in the two languages might be adequately overcome." The result is a rather less barbarous phraseology than that of some of its predecessors, but we are still staggered by such turns of speech as "a strong task [taste?] for soft and shining flesh-tints," or such words as "uncessantly" and "laying" for lying. Rubens's influence on "woodcarving" is spoken of on page 45 and again on page 159, where it would seem, from the context, that wood engraving is meant. In most cases the description of the illustrations is scrupulously exact, but a reproduction of an engraving after 'The Descent from the Cross" is erroneously stated to be "after a photograph from the original." In spite of such minor blemishes, the publication continues to be a useful one.

Mr. J. N. Larned's 'History of the United States' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has a number of features that should commend it to teachers of secondary schools. The page is clear and open, and the paragraph and marginal headings fresh and apt. There are numerous sketch maps scattered through the text; the larger maps, sixteen in number, being grouped together at the beginning of the volume. The apparatus of topics and suggested readings appended to each chapter is, on the whole, the best we have happened to see. It is interesting to note that the author does not think "documents" too heavy for his purpose, but makes frequent references to them in his lists. The appendices summarizing the data about Presidential elections and listing important measures of the Federal Government are also well contrived. In some other respects the praise must be more qualified. One does not look for much originality in the choice of topics in an elementary textbook, and Mr. Larned does not in this particular wander far from the beaten track. One wonders, however, that half of the volume should be devoted to the period prior to 1789, and that the momentous events subsequent to 1865 should be disposed of in two short chapters of less than fifty pages, or about two-thirds of the space given to the Civil War. The style, too, is not impeccable, being often loose and inelegant. On the whole, however, the book is to be pronounced an important addition to the list of useful textbooks in American history for schools.

Arthur J. Burdick's 'The Mystic Mid-region: The Deserts of the Southwest' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), even without the very readable text, is captivating through its beautiful illustrations alone. They are, of course, all from excellent photographs, and exceedingly well chosen and adapted to the respective chapters. As the book makes no pretension to depth or exhaustiveness, an occasional slip or slight error should not be noted, still less censured. This is (what is not often the case with such publications) a modest book. The writer, who evidently has seen the great desert of the West with wide-awake eyes, eclipses his own personality and experiences by placing his subject in the foreground, and thus, quite involuntarily, indeed, excites the reader's curiosity to know more about him and his rambles in that region. Alive to the impressiveness of nature, he sees not only the incontestably picturesque in the appalling wastes he describes, but also a certain grain of poetry, without exaggerating it at the cost of truth. Much useful information of a general (and also specific) nature is disseminated in an agreeable manner through these pages. We are gradually introduced to the subject as it was and as it is, to learn finally what it is expected to become through the redeeming hand of man. This is logical arrangement. The chapters on the plants and animals of the desert are not only attractive, but useful; there is botany and some zoölogy, after that popular style which incites to study even without technical preparation. The plates are calculated to give living impressions of the forms they illustrate. The author has had the good taste not to crowd too much Indian on the reader, and still less does he burden the Indian with extravagant romance or poetry. Everything in this little volume is in its place and in proportion with the rest.

Mary Austin's 'The Land of Little Rain' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) consists of about fourteen sketches from the borders of the desert. They contain more poetry than de-

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scription, although that poetry is not meant for fiction. Not unfrequently the poetic tendency casts a thin veil over the logic of the treatment, but on the whole it is harmless, and the book is readable for those not caring to learn too much. The illustrations are fair, though not always strictly in harmony with the subject. There is some really useful advice offered to tourists in the region. While this is partly a "desert book," most of the contents is devoted to the country bordering on the desert, and hence covers a ground rarely if ever trodden, and deserves commendation and attention.

Among the various anthologies published this season, prominent is Ernest Pertwee's 'The Reciter's Treasury of Verse, Serious and Humorous' (London: Routledge and Sonnenschein; New York: Dutton). It forms an openly and clearly printed volume of more than 800 pages; but 71 of these constitute a practical essay on the art of speaking. Grave and gay are mingled here without reason if not without rhyme, and the character of the selections as a whole cannot be discovered by index-learning, for there is no index. Some of the pieces are certainly ower lang. America is proportionately well represented — Hay, Leland, Holmes, Longfellow, the Lowells, Poe, John [*sic*] Whitcomb Riley, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, N. P. Willis, and yet others. Victor Hugo, Goethe, and Schiller enter by way of translations. The selection includes many standard poems fit for recitation, and some for which this quality much outweighs the literary.

As of songs, so it might be said of the cook-books of any country—let who will make the laws. The popular German work for housekeepers of Henriette Davidis has just been brought out in the original and in an English translation by C. N. Caspar Co., Milwaukee ('German National Cookery for American Kitchens'). It is not to be despised as a means of freshening and reinforcing our domestic dietary. The metric system is discarded in the weights and measures. Thirteen pages are devoted to displaying characteristic German dishes in a bilingual list, duly indexed; and there is a separate English-German vocabulary of culinary terms. The practical plates for joints, fish, etc., are reproduced.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's *Educational Review* has just been indexed analytically for its first twenty-five volumes (January, 1891, to May, 1903), by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson of the Columbia University Library. Here under one alphabet will be found topics, articles, writers, authors of books reviewed, admirably presented for research; and, in view of the eminence and range of the contributors to the *Review*, it is needless to say that this index claims a place in every public, college and high-school library. The editor himself is naturally the fullest contributor, filling three of the double-columned pages; but President Eliot, as writer or occasion of writing, shines with half a page. Special attention should be called to the geographical rubrics —Connecticut (though it have but one item), England (one page), Massachusetts (three-quarters), New Jersey, New York (three pages plus), etc.

Mr. David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I., sends us Part viii. (Part iii. of Volume ii.) of his 'Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.,' embracing the respective families of Knight, Littlefield, Pecker, Sanders, Sawyer, Sayer, Simmons, Titcomb, and Wheelwright, and several others. Friends' Meeting in Amesbury is also taken account of, and there are additions and corrections for Volume i., with a notable addendum for the Blaisdell family, and a page to the Rev. George Burroughs, one of the best known of those executed for witchcraft in 1692. This is a handsomely printed genealogy, and proceeds slowly according to public support.

A more than usually interesting volume by Prof. A. Gazier, entitled 'Mélanges de Littérature et d'Histoire' (Paris: Armand Colin), contains a number of studies of a totally unconventional character dealing with controverted points in lives and letters. For instance, Professor Gazier expresses new and pointed views on the real import and origin of "Tartufe," and seeks to explain naturally the long embargo on its performance. Again, the singular shiftiness of Fénelon while at Cambrai, and the still more inexplicable conduct of Massillon in consenting to consecrate Dubois as bishop, become intelligible enough in the light of the patient and ingenious analyses here given. Professor Gazier, like many another representative of modern historical method, seems somewhat disposed to look askance at any judgment that claims prescription from attack. The last essay revives the vexed question of spelling, and takes a moderate position in favor of slow and judicious reform.

In 'La Méthode des Classiques Français' (Paris: Armand Colin) M. Paul Desjardins seeks to point out and prove that, in strictly classical work, the course of intellectual invention or development remains fundamentally the same, whatever may be the field or the material in which the artist works. In support of this thesis (which should have called for something less summary than a prefatory note) we are offered a review of Pierre Corneille, Nicolas Poussin, and Pascal, as typical of the spirit and method described, namely, the disposition to subject movements of mind or soul to the controlling influence of reason and the conception of *ordonnance*. While the idea is not new, the collocation of names certainly is; and here we venture to doubt the soundness of the theory, for unless (with M. Desjardins) we think only of the Pascal of 'Les Provinciales,' we surely cannot forget the passionate appeal of the 'Pensées': "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."

From Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris, we have the first fascicle of the new "Bulletin de la Société Française de Fouilles Archéologiques." The foundation of this society dates from January 14 of the present year, and the Bulletin officially records the steps towards it, and the subsequent proceedings, membership, etc. There follows a lecture on the excavations at Susa and on Persian antiquities in general, delivered by M. Louis Watelin on March 18. The Society will promote research and bestow on French museums the objects found.

The educational policy of the Indian Government, as set forth by Lord Curzon in a state document, just published, is one which will commend itself to all who are interested in the education on Western lines of Eastern peoples. It is founded on the experience of just half a century, for it was in 1854 that the directors of the East India Company accepted the systematic promotion of general education as one of the duties of the State. The main end for many years of the system then instituted was to create a class of intelligent and efficient Government servants, and primary education was neglected. The fundamental importance of this is now fully recognized, and the support of village schools is henceforth to be made a leading charge upon provincial and local revenues. Instruction is to be wholly in the vernacular up to the age of thirteen, and will not be completely abandoned at any time. But in primary education "English has no place, and should have no place," are the viceroy's emphatic words. The system of university education is to be modified so that it is hoped that it will no longer tend to accentuate the defects of the Indian intellect—the disproportionate development of memory, the incapacity to observe and appreciate facts, and the taste for metaphysical distinctions. Industrial, commercial, and, above all, agricultural training are to be prominent features of the new policy. Not only are textbooks on agriculture in the vernacular to be provided, but the Government proposes to establish an Imperial Agricultural College with an experimental farm and research laboratory. Female education will be promoted by establishing model primary girls' schools in important centres.

The report of the Moseley Educational Commission is prefaced by a brief statement signed by all the commissioners, summarizing the conclusions upon which they are all agreed. They remark upon the absolute belief in the value of education prevailing in this country; on "the spirit that animates both teachers and pupils"; on the close connection between theory and practice, and the important part assigned to manual training; on the liberal expenditure, both public and private; on the absence of any religious difficulty, which materially facilitates the work of the schools, and on the high esteem in which the services of experts in various branches of knowledge are held. They believe that in America education is universally regarded as fundamental to democratic civilization, or, as President Roosevelt told them, "education will not save a nation, but no nation can be saved without education." All the commissioners, with three exceptions, have submitted individual reports, nearly all of which deal with the general features of American education. Some have specialized, as, for example, Drs. Bradford and Gaskell on medical education, Professor Ayrton on electrical engineering, Mr. Barclay on commercial education, Mr. Groser on legal education, and Mr. Spender on truant and reformatory schools. A general conclusion drawn from the reports by a writer in the London *Times* is, "that there is yet nothing like finality in American educational institutions, any more than in our own. They, like us, are feeling their way along more or less untried ground; with greater energy, perhaps, and more freedom of experiment, as differences in national character and outlook, or the absence of old traditions, class distinctions, and religious difficulties, have smoothed the path of reform. The educational awakening that is beginning here has come earlier in them, and is being followed up more quickly."

The Imperial Cabinet of the Government of

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Japan has issued the twenty-second volume of its statistical Annual, which bears date of 1904, and, in the French language, contains statistics on multifarious subjects to the end of 1902, though those relating to post, telegraphs, transportation, and commerce are for the most part brought down to the end of March, 1903. Under eighteen divisions, beginning with territory and population, and ramifying through all the departments of executive Government business, closing with finance and political administration, there are set before the student carefully digested and tabulated details of administration. Notable additions to previous issues are seen in the pages devoted to Formosa, which in 1901 showed a resident population of 2,750,956, besides over half a million transients. The newly modelled city of Taipeh (Japanese Daihoku), which in drainage, cleanliness, hygiene, and general standard of civilization is the model for the whole island, contained 49,799 souls, being the first of the eight cities in the island having each over 10,000 people (five of these having 20,000). The vital statistics regarding marriage, divorce, birth, and death of the Formosans show that illegitimacy is probably not greater in the new part than in the old part of Japan. Migration to Yezo and the northern islands continues to be brisk (43,401 in 1902), and apparently four-fifths remain as permanent residents in this new, promising part of the empire. The fertile and well-watered valley of Ishikari Province, containing the mineral riches and the capital, leads in population. The worthless Kurile Islands, with which Russia compelled Japan to content herself in place of Saghalien, show that, of 621 immigrants thither, 539 came away. Even the Ainos, those gentle and degraded savages, now come under the statistician's notice, reckoning a total population of 17,374. Instead of their dying out, as the theorists would have them, births show an increase of more than fifty per cent. over deaths. On the 31st of December, 1902, there were 8,043 Chinese, 2,223 British, 1,640 Americans, 662 Germans, 519 French, and 236 Koreans in Japan, while, in addition to the laborers, students, and travellers already abroad, 32,900 received passports (5,457 for China, 4,354 for Russia, 5,096 for the United States, and 11,457 for Hawaii).

—The Baker & Taylor Co. publish a third volume, 'The Congregationalists,' by the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, in their series, "The Story of the Churches." It does not compare in fulness with Prof. Williston Walker's 'Congregationalists,' but, designed as a brief popular history, its choice of matter and its manner of treatment adapt it admirably to the end in view. There is no attempt to trace the sources of American Congregationalism back to European soil, but nearly every striking aspect of the American development has its appropriate word. An exception is the scant mention of Roger Williams; and Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson are dismissed too cavalierly as "wilful and insolent mischief-makers." An excellent summary is given of the Cambridge Platform of 1648, followed by an estimate of the amount of subsequent deflection from its principles. There is a good and sympathetic account of the Half-Way Covenant—a bone of contention which invites perennial exhumation. A chapter on the Great Awakening steers a middle course between the "deplorable excesses" of the revivalists and the "beneficent work" of their hands. Whitefield's vanity and violence are called by their right names. Jonathan Edwards and those carrying on the elaboration of the New England theology have a chapter, "Growth of Doctrine," but it is evident that Mr. Bacon thinks their refinements would be wasted on the readers whom he has in mind. Three chapters, "Disruption," "Unitarianism," and "After the Disruption," are related to different stages of the Unitarian development and separation. The temper of these chapters is irenical. The Unitarian will be less likely to complain of them than the orthodox Congregationalist. The imputations of the orthodox writers who brought on the controversy are described as "unjust and outrageous." It was the orthodox party, we are told, that departed from Congregational principles. Of these principles Mr. Bacon is a consistent advocate, and by no means a mere apologist for the concrete Congregational development into "a rigidly hardened sectarian mould." There is complete misapprehension of what was called the "Western Issue" among Unitarians, and it is difficult to understand how Emerson's letter to Henry Ware, jr., in 1838, is read as "exasperatingly flippant." In the "Public Reforms" chapter, Mr. Bacon's filial attraction to the form of anti-slavery doctrine represented by his father is simply the expected note. Channing and Bacon are bracketed as like-minded; but Channing was an early convert to Garrison's anti-colonization doctrine, whereas Bacon was the chief protagonist of colonization so long as any one remained to do it reverence.

—Mr. Charles M. Andrews's 'History of England' (Boston: Allyn & Bacon) is a convenient handbook of less than six hundred pages, covering the period from the earliest times down to the accession of the present King. It is mainly a political outline, though a good deal of the social, industrial, religious, and literary history of the English people is narrated or referred to in such a way as to put the student on the right track. It is intended as a textbook for American schools and colleges, and ought to answer this purpose very well. No doubt the author does not expect to be followed implicitly. In his account of the Boer war he uses the phrase "British suzerainty," does not refer to the compact of 1881, nor to the trial and conviction of Jameson in England; nor does he describe the nature of the "grievances" which led to the war. There is a total omission, too, to emphasize Mr. Chamberlain's connection with those events, which was certainly important. In the same way, in discussing the causes of the American war, he says, as to "no taxation without representation," that it is hard to see what good would have been done "by a few men elected in the colonies and sent three thousand miles to sit in a Parliament that was thoroughly corrupt, and represented no one except the men who bought the votes of the electors." What the colonies wanted to do was not to be represented in Parliament, but to vote the money themselves as they had been accustomed to do. "No taxation without representation" was merely another form of what appears in the Declaration of Independence as: "He [the King] has combined with others [the Parliament] to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation . . . *for imposing taxes on us without our consent.*" This was no cry of "excitable colonial orators" (p. 460), but the solemn declaration of Jefferson, Franklin, Roger Sherman, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and fifty others of the most able and learned Americans then living, made to justify their rebellion in the eyes of the civilized world and of posterity, and with the full knowledge that, if they could not make their position good, they would pay the penalty with their lives.

—There are great advantages in learning any mathematical theory which is subsequently often to be applied, from a logical syllabus expounded in lectures. The propositions should be numbered in the syllabus in one series, from beginning to the end; and propositions very frequently employed in the proofs should have, besides, brief names. Then, in the case of a corollarial proof—that is, one not requiring the introduction of any subsidiary lines or quantities—mere references to the numbers of the premises, sometimes with the number of times each is to be applied, will generally suffice. In case this is not enough, brief indications of how those premises whose application is not quite obvious are to be applied may be added. Theorematic proofs—that is, such as depend upon some ingenious addition to the conditions of the proposition to be proved—will require this addition to be stated; after which the proof becomes corollarial, and should be treated like any other corollarial proof. The student having become perfectly familiar with the arrangement and general contents of such a syllabus, by working through it, will ever after find it an invaluable work of reference, in which any result may be found directly, together with the logic of it in a nutshell. Dr. A. Clement Jones's 'Notes on Analytical Geometry: An Appendix' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) approaches to being such a syllabus in a duodecimo of 172 pages, of which 30 are occupied with examples and hints for their solution, with a perspicuous one-page index. The work is confined to plane curves of the first two orders, together with unicursal cubics, the whole treated from the metrical point of view, with Cartesian coördinates and occasional references to polar coördinates. The most serious omission is the problem of two conics without contact, with single contact of 2, 3, or 4 points, and with double contact, which is often wanted and is not very readily worked out. A better book of the same sort might be made; but, as it is, Dr. Jones's 'Appendix' will prove a lifelong blessing to many a student.

—About half of volume xii. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), is occupied with the first English translation ever published of the 'Relación de las Islas Filipinas,' written by Padre Chirino, a Jesuit, and published at Rome in 1604, one of the most valuable sources for the early history of the Philippines under Spain. This relation is to be completed in the succeeding volume of the series, and shall be considered as a whole in connection with that volume. The first half of volume xii. contains various

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documents of 1602 and 1603, referring to the depredations of the Moro pirates, to the perennial contest between friars and laymen, to the restrictions on trade with Spain, America, and China, and to the desirability of expelling the Chinese, especially after the revolt of the latter in Manila in 1603. We note how the desire to aid the Portuguese in conquest in the Moluccas led to the abandonment for a year or two of the work of making good the Spanish assertion of authority in the Moro regions of the Philippines; this is only one of the earlier instances of Spain's vacillating policy in dealing with the Moros, and it was promptly paid for by the renewed activity of the Moro pirates in scourging the coasts of the central islands of the Philippine group.

—Just now, when Senators and Representatives at Washington are showing a tendency to adopt toward the Philippines the old restrictive trade policies of the colonizing nations of two and three centuries ago, it would be worth while for these gentlemen to turn back and read Philippine history in the light of such documents referring to Spain's policy in the archipelago as are contained in volume xii. and as will appear in succeeding volumes of this work. They will find that all concerned in the question—the Spaniards in Spain, the Spaniards in the Philippines, and the Spaniards in Peru or Mexico—assumed of course that mediæval trade and navigation restrictions would be imposed, but all labored to the end that the other fellow's ox might be gored; if our legislators will then trace the workings of this policy down through the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, especially to the extent of ascertaining what the foreign travellers in the Philippines had to say about the results of this policy of shutting up the Philipines for fear some other people might develop them or do them some good, they will not need to recall American colonial history to guide them in their deliberations. Another difficulty which Spain early encountered in the islands is indicated by this statement in the letter of the provincial of the Dominicans in 1603: "One of the auditors of these islands told me years ago that the judges in Castilla ordinarily performed their duties well because they were seeking honor, but that in the Indies it was the reverse, and that what the judges seek is to enrich themselves." Among the friars themselves, all was not going well, in 1603; the provincial of the Augustinians is asking the King to send out some strict inspectors, to restore the discipline which he laments as having been lost in his order.

—The 'Jewish Encyclopædia' moves steadily on its way, and the sixth volume (*God—Istria*) is as full of variegated lore as ever, and contains several rubrics of more than Hebrew interest. Thus, the "Golem," the Jewish *homunculus*, a somewhat unscientifically constructed Frankenstein, vivified by a "shem" or wonder-working name of God inserted in its mouth, sometimes played a part like the magician's broomstick which was only too industrious in its labors. But the article makes no mention of the grotesquely horrible use of this idea by Achim von Arnim in his 'Isabella von Aegypten,' known now best, perhaps, through Heine's 'Romantische Schule' (iii., 2). Another equally interesting article is on the queer Aramaic nursery rhyme, *Had Gadya*, "A kid, a kid," with its analogies to the "House that Jack Built." A musical setting of an English version is also given and a very full bibliography, but the article itself might have been made clearer. In history a long and very able account of the Inquisition (16 pages) easily leads for interest and importance. As before, biography is strongest of all, and demands by far the most space; in this volume we have the outstanding families of Goldsmid and Hirsch in their association with agricultural colonies and the Hirsch Fund. Biblical rubrics of importance are few; Dr. Cheyne has six pages to set forth his very latest views on Isaiah. On Muslim matters we are given almost more. Goldziher treats admirably "Islam" and "Hadith" in relation to Judaism, and there is an exceptionally full (5 pages) and able account of Ibn Gabirol, whose blood was Jewish, but whose philosophical ties were all with Islam. Another strange kinship was that of Immanuel b. Solomon, the friend of Dante, and poet in Hebrew and Italian, with a range from an imitation of the 'Divina Commedia' to caustic satire, bold eroticism, and even a flippancy which has brought his verses under the ban—a somewhat limited, jerkily pious Heine. Another has had unwitting contact with East and West since his death. Of the first-century scholar, but above all miracle-worker, Hanina b. Dosa, tales are told which have passed into the 'Arabian Nights' and become part of popular hagiology. This was first worked out by Perles in his 'Rabbinische Agada's in 1001 Nacht,' and attention has again been called to it by Chauvin in his 'Recension Égyptienne des 1001 Nuits.' These references must be added to the scanty bibliography given here. An especially valuable article with an elaborate tabulated list treats Jewish Incunabula. Another, still more elaborate, is that by Bacher on the history of Hebrew Grammar (13 pages). Yet in details it is open to criticism. Samuel Lee's grammar (1827) was worthy of more special notice for the scientific advance which it marked. Davidson's 'Introductory Hebrew Grammar' appeared first in 1874—the 1894 edition was the eleventh—and was a pioneer in its class. In 1882, Robertson's translation of Müller's 'Syntax' appeared, and has since gone through several editions. Finally, in the minds of some of its contributors the conception of this work as a general encyclopædia evidently still clings fast. So they give us the information, "India: an extensive region of southern Asia"; "Ireland: an island west of Great Britain." But such things are now so few that they come in with a merely humorous effect; the encyclopædia, as a whole, has found its garden and is cultivating it diligently.

## SANDYS'S HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

*A History of Classical Scholarship*, from the Sixth Century B. C. to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

Dr. Sandys long ago won honorable standing as a classical scholar. His excellent edition of the 'Orator' of Cicero appeared nearly twenty years ago, and he had previously done able service as editor of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides and of the posthumous commentary of E. M. Cope on the 'Rhetoric' of Aristotle. One would naturally look, therefore, for something of value from him on such a subject as the History of Classical Scholarship, and there is doubtless a point of view from which such an expectation will be fairly satisfied. We cannot but feel, however, that a good opportunity has been sacrificed.

For the purpose of his book, Dr. Sandys defines Classical Scholarship as "the accurate study of the language, literature, and art of Greece and Rome, and of all that they teach us as to the nature and the history of man." Of course, no work of one or two volumes could exhaust all that might reasonably be said within the limits of so ample a definition. Greece and Rome have entered so deeply into the history and nature of man that the problem of an author working under such a definition must be simply one of determining what small fraction to select from the mass of material that might possibly be utilized. Now Dr. Sandys has chosen so to burden his book with comparatively unimportant facts as to crowd out any adequate consideration of the real meaning of Greece and Rome to the history of human progress. Too large a portion of the book is fairly represented by page 421, in which we learn that early in the fourteenth century the monk Sophonias wrote paraphrases of certain works of Aristotle, valuable chiefly for their excerpts from earlier commentaries; that the metropolitan of Mytilene, Leon Magentinus, wrote scholia on the 'Organon'; that the rhetorician and grammarian, John Glykys, wrote a Syntax more remarkable for its lucidity than for its learning; that John Pediasimus, professor of philosophy at Constantinople, produced scholia on Hesiod and Theocritus, and that Manuel Chrysoloras played a leading part in the revival of Greek learning in Italy. Only one of these men is mentioned elsewhere in the volume, and then not in such a way as to bring him into any vital relation to the subject in hand. To know a multitude of such facts with reference to any given period is one thing; to know the general characteristics of that period, and the part of classical study and tradition in determining those characteristics, is quite another thing. To make some contribution to knowledge of this second sort would have been of far more service to the cause of classical scholarship.

No possible effort of human scholarship could accumulate such a mass of detail without the intrusion of many errors, but we may assume that Dr. Sandys has been fairly careful. In a few cases, however, he has tripped where one would least have expected it. In the few lines given to Asinius Pollio he notes Pollio's severe criticism of Sallust, and adds: "On the other hand, he expressed a very high opinion of Cicero," quoting a well-known passage preserved in the 'Suasoriæ' of the elder Seneca. Now the hostility of Pollio to Cicero in matters literary was notorious. Only two pages from the passage quoted by Dr. Sandys, Seneca relates the amusing incident of Pollio's abrupt departure from the house of Messala Corvinus because a too enthusiastic poet had been allowed to bewail the death of Cicero and the consequent silence of the Latin tongue. Seneca says that Pollio remained

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to the end most hostile to the fame of Cicero. After his death his son, Asinius Gallus, wrote a voluminous work to prove his father's superiority over Cicero, and this was answered by Claudius. Of Cicero's famous remark to his brother concerning Lucretius, Dr. Sandys says: "It is disappointing to find in Cicero so vague a criticism of the merits of a poet who had done him the honor of studying and imitating his own translation of Aratus." Saintsbury also makes the passage alluded to the basis of severe treatment of Cicero as a critic. Both are entirely unfair in their use of Cicero's words. In replying to a letter from his brother, he incidentally quoted an opinion which his brother had expressed, and gave his assent. It was a mere afterthought at the close of a letter dealing with matters personal and political, not literary, and Cicero was under no obligation to say more.

It is far wide of the mark to say that "literature before and after Cicero had comparatively little attraction for Quintilian." One can hardly imagine how Quintilian's treatment of Virgil, Horace, and Livy, though comparatively brief, could have left Dr. Sandys with such an impression. If any one thing is evident from Quintilian's great work it is that he was an earnest and intelligent reader in a very broad field of both Greek and Latin literature. Coming down to a later period, the treatment of Roswitha of Gandersheim, that interesting gleam of feminine culture from the tenth-century darkness of Saxony, is far from satisfactory. It is not correct to say that her dramas were written in actual prose. It might be easy enough to prove that they do not satisfy any adequate definition of poetry, but she herself doubtless regarded the form as poetic. "Reimprosa," "halbpoetische und halbprosaische," "ein Mittelding zwischen beiden," are some of the terms rightly applied to her work by Barack, in his edition of 1858. Nor is it putting a correct interpretation either upon her own words or upon the facts to say that she was a close imitator of Terence. She felt scandalized that men who were otherwise good Catholics should allow themselves to be stained with a knowledge of wicked things through their delight in the sweetness of expression found in the plays of Terence. Accordingly she sought, in dramatic form, to substitute the *laudabilis sacrarum castimonia virginum* for the *turpia lascivarum incesta feminarum* of the Roman poet. Close imitation did not suit her purpose, and does not appear in her work. From what we know of her, we may well doubt whether she ever applied her own mind closely to the study of that which she regarded as defiling to the minds of those about her. Dr. Sandys might well have given us a careful study of the genesis of so fair a flower in the apparently forbidding literary soil of the Saxony of the tenth century.

The custom of author's readings previous to publication, instituted by Asinius Pollio and so prominent a feature of the following century, certainly deserves some mention in a history of classical scholarship. The relation of the policy of Augustus to the plea of Horace for the literature of his own day, as opposed to that of the old republic, is another interesting question not raised by Dr. Sandys. Still another is the motive and effect of the assault upon the Ciceronian style by Pollio, the younger Seneca, and their followers. The statement that the earliest writers of Latin literature were not born in Rome, suggests a false inference as to later writers. Will the author name a few really important writers in any period of Roman classical literature who were born in the city?

It was doubtless a mere oversight that the name of Richard Volkmann is omitted from the selection of important authorities enumerated at the head of the chapter on the 'Rise of Rhetoric and the Study of Prose.' Volkmann is more widely used in recent years, either in separate form or as condensed in Müller's 'Handbuch,' than any of the authorities named. The slips of the type-setter have not been entirely worked out. A number of cases in which B. C. has usurped the place of A. D. will give no serious trouble, as the discrepancy is too great to go unnoticed.

We should have been glad to see in this book a work which would have been a source of strength to classical scholarship at a time when it is fighting a hard battle against misconceptions as to its real nature and utility. We cannot avoid the impression that a dip into this book will have directly the opposite effect upon any mind not already definitely anchored on the classical side. The mass of facts that Dr. Sandys has accumulated, with a labor of which few can have any adequate idea, were well worth getting together in accessible form; but they ought not to be called a History of Classical Scholarship. Dr. Sandys found himself unable to bring his subject beyond the year 1350 in this volume, and a second will follow.

## MORE NOVELS.

*The Picaroons.* By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. McClure, Phillips & Co.

*The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus.* By M. E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co.

*High Noon.* By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Messrs. Burgess and Irwin model their 'Picaroons' on the picaresque tales of early seventeenth-century Spanish literature that "dealt with the fortunes of beggars, impostors, thieves, etc., and chronicled the Romance of Roguery." The translation of similar themes into modern San Franciscan,—picturing dissipated reprobates from Harvard College to the Philippines, misdemeanors from shanghai-ing to opium-smuggling, worded in slang of the latest devices from college to cockney—makes a compound that we should rather call the very Roguery of Romance. Probably the modern shady loafer has never been more minutely or ingeniously portrayed. The racetrack, the Chinese lottery, the Spiritual-medium cabinet, the Turkish bath lend their aid to the local mud. Full details are furnished of all modern sorts of trickery and fraud served in the most technical tongue of the professional hobo. We can remember no tale of mere blood and thunder that would not seem refined after this banquet of those unpicturesque vices, drinking and cheating. The often inventive and occasionally amusing flash of story and vocabulary only makes the matter more deplorable. A few such books would suffice to send the public to reading their old "Lady's Annuals" and "Bride's Keepsakes" with avidity.

Pleasantly disinfecting is it to turn to 'The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,' a story of the Green Mountains, and to breathe mountain air geographically and spiritually. Far up among the hills lived a man crippled by a falling log in the very flush and prime of his youth. Here he despaired and blasphemed till salvation came to him in the form of a friend bringing the opportunity to work. The work brings yet other friends, and a drama weaves itself about the invalid's cot with mountains for the everlasting witnesses, and the seasons ringing their changes at the windows. There are excellent pictures of farm life, and there are good portraits of genuine Vermonters of stage-coach days. Uncle Shim and Aunt Lize well illustrate the kindly shiftless and the kindly capable. There is a Twiddie who, in the early chapters, swings her bare legs from a butternut branch and rushes about like a young calf, and who grows up before the reader into a thing of delight in her engaging naturalness. There is Hugh the Cripple, who finds his own life in his work, and gives back life abundantly to others in example of pluck and the counsels of a hard-won wisdom. There are the friends from the outer world beyond the mountains, the *deus ex machina*, who suggested to Hugh the woodcarving; there are the woman and the geologist—all bringing gifts of help, mental and moral, to the cripple, changing his life for all time. It is a story of high thinking, wholesome living, and withal of an interest that holds to the end. In gratitude for these traits one can well forget a sentimental touch here, a vagueness there, and certain final disposings, the which to particularize here would be "going into the treachery of reasons."

Alice Brown's stories should be read singly if the mind is to be left detached enough for proper appreciation. So taken, they are well worth weighing and analyzing. In bulk they overtax the reader with a sense of preciosity, of differentiation to the *n*th power, of complication of the complex, of life in a microscope, of emotions first wire-drawn and then split, of the eternal feminine tiptoeing down the ages, her own soul in her hand, searching for new quintessences of herself as Henry James searches for the right word. Read one at a time, and pondered over, they fill one with an almost breathless perception of the writer's clear vision into human relations—a vision that sees straight and around corners as well. We are struck, too, by a mystical tendency that loves to hover near the supernatural, serene and unafraid; then, when we have caught the breath again, we can at leisure approve the originality of conveyance for each emotional message. For that is what the stories resolve themselves into. Alice Brown is the Mary Wilkins of the superfine emotions. The one is no more morbid than the other in the matter of treatment. If Alice Brown's topics are more deeply sentimental and her pen dipped in esoterics, at least she dries her weeping pages with a dash of bright, warm humor, straight from some very sunny clime. What there is of morbid is to be found in the eternal ladies themselves; in her who is deeply hurt at being called "a reasonable woman"; in her—the heroine of one of the most charming of the stories—the old gentlewoman who passed her life in an agony of unspoken jealousy of a supposed early affinity of her husband. How delightful, by

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the way, is the Diana of this story!—the niece made up of divine tenderness and bubble-pricking fun. Chief among the self-torturers is the Margaret of "The Map of the Country," who more than all out-womans woman in prophesying to her lover on the eve of their wedding the tangles to be—telling how his soul will alter, what she ought to do and knows she shall not do, what her soul will do and what the Almighty will be asked to do, and what other souls have done; after all which prescience and reminiscence a humorous burst of her lack of humor closes the scene. The vivisection and comparative history of man's and woman's wedded love thus go forward in these tales and in a thousand others less clever than Alice Brown's. What might not a story-teller deserve of the public should he write of the woman who merely goes on being a woman without specialized thinking about it—the woman who in mellow years considers young ways of worship from her lord as retrogression?

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*Architecture and Other Arts.* By Howard Crosby Butler, A.M., (Part II. of the Publications of an American archæological expedition to Syria in 1899-1900 under the patronage of V. Everit Macy, Clarence M. Hyde, B. Talbot B. Hyde, and I. N. Phelps Stokes). The Century Co. 1903. Pp. xxv, 433.

The prospectus of this work of five volumes announces that Part I., by Robert Garrett, will be ready in 1904 and will be devoted to the topography and itinerary, and that the parts numbered respectively III., IV., and V. will also appear during the present year, and will be devoted to Greek and Latin inscriptions, Semitic inscriptions, and anthropology. The volume before us, in a solid buckram cover, makes a beautiful "quarto," which the old-fashioned classifier of books would be apt to call a small folio. The number of the illustrations is not stated anywhere, but, as the table of these fills eleven pages with about fifty-five entries to a page, it will be seen that the number is very great. They are, in small part, plans of churches, villas, and the like, taken from the book by the Count de Vogüé, well known as 'La Syrie Centrale,' and published in 1877; the majority of the remainder are half-tones, very clear and very well printed, from photographs carefully selected from a great block of six hundred and more brought home by the expedition. Under the conditions, with difficulties of travel, of heat and dust, of burning sunshine, of exposure, of packing, of transportation, the prints are surprisingly good. A full-page plate is devoted to a conjectural restoration of the temple at Burdj Bakirha, a Roman tetrastyle; and there are also a few such restorations in the pages of the book, such as the very interesting one (p. 364) of the outermost gateway at Si' in the Djebel-Hauran.

The region covered by the exploration is rather carefully indicated and described by the author, except that he has not allowed himself to refer to latitudes and longitudes, making it difficult to place his localities except by the aid of a map of unusual quality and of very large scale. Part I., indeed, is to contain a general map of Syria based upon Kiepert's, published in 1899, and several detailed maps on a very large scale, proofs of which are before us. The Orontes runs from south to north, never more than forty miles distant from the coast, until, after a course of 250 miles from its springs near the ruins of Baalbek, it turns westward to run past Antioch to the sea. Just east of the north and south stretch of the river, and between Antioch and Aleppo, lies the range of mountains known as Djebel il-A'la; and just east of that again a valley, and then another range called by Mr. Butler Djebel-Barisha. South of this lies a much lower tract, which may be taken as extending from lat. 35° 30′ to lat. 35°—that is to say, it is thirty odd miles broad, north and south, and much longer east and west. Those two districts form what is called in this book "Northern Central Syria," although the most eastern district, Djebel el-Hass, lying south of Aleppo, is sometimes considered apart. Far away to the southward lies Djebel-Hauran, and there again the explorations are taken up.

Nearly all the country explored is mountainous, and nearly everywhere the mountains are denuded of earth, and exhibit as barren declivities of rock as do the mountains of Greece. A picture for the express purpose of showing the aspect of this barren wilderness is inserted at page 6 of Chapter I., which deals in a convincing manner with the question of the deforesting and the consequent disappearance of the soil. It will not be necessary to be more lenient to Turkish rule in admitting with Mr. Butler that the beginning of the destruction of the country by the uneconomical use of its forests antedates that rule, and that abandonment was already well advanced in the seventh century. He finds also a partial cause for the deforestation in the building of the late Roman period, the peaceful and prosperous and architecturally ambitious days between the reign of Vespasian (for instance) and the ruinous invasions of the Saracens. After so many centuries of desolation, the buildings are found almost perfect, except for their wooden roofs and floors, wherever they have been preserved by that same desolation; for, where some slight reawakened prosperity has brought a larger local population and more enterprise, hope, and activity, the stones of the Romano-Syrian monuments are disappearing one by one, broken up for the humble buildings of the people, their pavements, their ovens, their bounding walls, and even burnt into lime for mortar.

The term "Romano-Syrian" would not be accepted by our author, and he has good reasons for his assertion that the character of the work is fully as much Greek as Roman. It is a little too sweeping a statement, which we find on page 20 and thereafter, that Roman vaulted building was of massive structure, with stone bedded in mortar, and that, as these Syrian buildings are vaulted as well as walled with hewn stone, they are, on this account, non-Roman. The Romans knew also arcuated building with blocks of stone, set dry, without cement of any kind, as is evident enough in such towns as Nîmes, in the theatre of Marcellus, and the great amphitheatres of Rome and elsewhere, and thousands of aqueducts and bridges; and, of course, in Africa and Spain, as noticeably as in Syria. At the same time we sympathize with Mr. Butler's wish that a term could be compounded out of "Greek" exactly as Romanesque has been made out of "Roman." Why not Hellenesque? But the term Greco-Syrian is suggested; and in the same connection (page 21) it is pointed out with perfect propriety that this Syrian style of building in great blocks of fairly hewn stone "may more properly be called *post-classical Greek* than Romanesque." This discussion, by the way, is not absolutely novel, because no student of De Vogüé's book, named above, which was published nearly forty years ago, can have failed to consider the subject very much from the same point of view.

In the lands east of the Mediterranean are a vast number of buildings so little injured that they are recognizable in all their parts, so that, with a certain amount of study and "constructive imagination," the plan of a dwelling-house or of a church can be restored with great completeness. Their discovery changed the whole aspect of Roman and Romanesque architecture for the world of students. A third and quite important class was added to the too familiar and often-contrasted styles, viz.: those of Western Europe (Romanesque) and of the Balkan Peninsula, and the cities of Syria (Byzantine). It is not now our business to inquire how far the discoveries in Africa, still more recent, form a fourth term in the comparison, and how far they are to be classed with the ruins of Syria as expressing an outlying or provincial style common to all the stone-producing countries of the great empire.

The work of this American expedition has been largely that of following up De Vogüé and his draughtsmen, with the threefold purpose of comparing his accounts and plates with the actual ruins, of completing his record by means of photographs, and, of course, of extending it where occasion might serve by new discoveries in the same line of research. With great frankness it is confessed that but little entirely novel was found; that is to say, few wholly unexplored sites were examined. On the other hand, many sites were discovered by De Vogüé in which there remained buildings of great interest as yet unpublished. And so the record is made up. For the rest, let it be said that the book from end to end is consistent and homogeneous. Building after building is carefully explored. There was no time, as it seems, for the making of many new plans, nor was there money for digging, even on sites evidently important as places for research. The camera and the careful annotations of the author had to do the work. It is not stated how far a more complete study, spade in hand, would be likely to reveal much important information about the buildings, their purpose, and their history. The best has been made of the opportunities offered, and the book is the most important contribution to architectural study since the publication of Choisy's 'Histoire de l'Architecture' in 1899.

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*The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton,* Compiled from his Letters, Records of his Conversations, and Other Sources. By G. C. Moore Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

All who love to read the life of a good soldier who was also a good civil governor, and, above all, a good man, will enjoy this record of the career of Lord Seaton, better known during the greater part of it as Sir

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John Colborne. He was born of parents of the middle class in 1778, educated at Winchester School, and at the age of sixteen received, through the interest of the Earl of Warwick, an ensigncy in the Twentieth Regiment of Foot, but did not join it until two years later. "I remember," said he, "when I first joined, my colonel, when speaking to me, pointed to an officer, and said: 'There, sir, that officer was shot through the body and was all the better for it; there's encouragement for you,'" It seems, indeed, to have been the right sort to suit Colborne, for from that time he owed nothing to patronage, but every step which he gained was won either by hard fighting in the field or by hard work as an administrator.

In his first campaign, the unfortunate expedition to Holland under the Duke of York in 1799, he was twice wounded and was brevetted captain. Next he served in Minorca, Egypt, Malta, and Italy. While in Italy he met an American sea captain—name not given, but the man described as the ugliest he ever saw—of whom he says: "He gave a ball at Naples and borrowed a beautiful band, and, after the ball was over, he sailed away and took the band off to America, as a present to the President. For this he was dismissed the service." But what, we wonder, became of the band? During the last year of this period of Colborne's foreign service he acted in Sicily as the military secretary of Sir John Moore, for whom he acquired "a devotion which lasted beyond the dark hour of Corunna and became the inspiration of his life." Thus, in 1809, we find him in the Peninsula as a major and military secretary again to Moore, accompanying him in the short and fatal campaign, standing by his noble deathbed, and one of those who buried him next morning "on a bastion at Corunna." The rest of that year was spent chiefly in London, settling the accounts of the expedition and warmly defending his late general's military reputation, which, as Colborne held, "was basely sacrificed to party spirit," against the attacks which were made upon it. We are given many interesting letters and memoranda relating to this time, which should be useful to the historian.

Hence it was not until April, 1810, that Colborne returned to the Peninsula and began his service under Wellington, soon afterwards becoming lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-sixth and later of the Fifty-second, which remained the regiment of his love. Gen. Beresford had said to Wellington: "I recommend you to employ Colborne; he is equal to anything"—and so indeed he proved to be. Constantly employed either in battle or in posts of the most arduous duty and responsibility, he was at length very seriously wounded in the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, but struggled on in the charge until the fortress fell. Invalided to England, he was on his back for ten months, since more than a year passed after the battle before the surgeons could extract the ball from his shoulder. Sir Harry Smith writes: "The pain Colborne suffered in the extraction of the ball was more even than his iron heart could bear. He used to lay his watch on the table and allow the surgeons five minutes' exertions at a time, and they were three or four days before they wrenched the bone [ball?] from its ossified bed." This was in April, 1813. In June he was married to Miss Elizabeth Yonge, called "the Beauty of Devonshire," and a month later he went out again to the Peninsula. He served with the army until the first fall of Napoleon, winning particular distinction, if not the battle, at Orthes, and soon after the peace became a colonel and Knight of the Bath.

At Waterloo he was once more to the front with the Fifty-second, and the concluding hours of this battle were the most glorious of his life. Then occurred that movement of his regiment upon the flank of the Old Guard, a movement over which so much ink has already been spilt. The one thing actually new which is contributed in this volume (though the editor suspects it not) to the literature of this discussion is that it confirms the Duke in his oft-repeated opinion that to describe accurately the incidents of the battle of Waterloo is a task impossible for man. It appears that Colborne, who believed that his regiment had the main hand in deciding the battle, never had heard of the charge of the British Guards until he read of it at Paris in the Duke's Waterloo dispatch. It was perhaps this, bringing home to him the fact that, in a great battle, "every officer being intent upon some particular object, with a distinct part to perform, his eye is confined to a small angle," which led him once to say to a party of officers of the Fifty-second, who were finding fault with the dispatch: "For shame, gentlemen! One would think that you forgot that the Fifty-second had ever been in battle before." Like the Duke, he felt that there was glory enough for all, and the Duke's generalship he eulogized, both as displayed in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Of the latter he wrote: "Never did any commander gain a victory more by his personal exertions and by his prompt presence at points where the efforts of the enemy had nearly succeeded."

At Waterloo, Colborne saw his last actual warfare. From 1821 to 1828 he was Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and then began his service in Canada, which lasted until 1839. He left there after having served as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and finally as the first Governor-General under the new Constitution. In times of unusual stress, and of great delicacy of relations with the United States, in the rebellions of 1837 and 1838, he showed himself to be a man of all the firmness of purpose and the willingness to assume responsibility which such crises demand. His reward on his return to England was a peerage and a pension of £2,000 for three lives. But even now his services to his country were not over; for he was yet to be Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands (1843-49) and Commander of the Forces in Ireland (1855-60). Thus it was not until his eighty-third year that he retired, with the rank of Field-Marshal. Two years later he died.

This was the life not of a man of genius, but of one who was, in the opinion of all his contemporaries, a type of the highest manhood. All who dealt with him, from the private soldier to the Commander-in-Chief, seem to have honored him; and if there was about him in his moments of repose a certain grave reserve which seemed like coldness, this disappeared when the time came to act, so that soldiers said of him (as was said of Sherman) that he was never so pleasant as when in battle, and the sternest sort of duties in his civil commands were always performed with a winning urbanity. In personal appearance we are told that he was the beau-ideal of a soldier, and his portraits, given in this book, bear out the saying. His character was marked by great simplicity and by an utter dislike of show and ostentation, in which respects, as well as in face, he strongly resembled the Duke of Wellington. This facial resemblance (though Colborne was much the taller man) often led to mistakes, and the Duke's own son said of it that Colborne was so ridiculously like the Duke that he could hardly help laughing, and thought that his father was talking to him.

The editor of this volume, the same who lately gave us the delightful autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, has done his work well. So far as possible, he lets Colborne's own letters and memoranda tell the story; his transitions and footnotes are always clear and to the point. The two appendices, on Sir John Moore's campaign and on the Fifty-second at Waterloo, contain useful if not wholly novel collections. The book is excellently printed, and the fine illustrations and maps are no mere makeweights, but really serve the purposes for which they are intended.

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*Adventures among Pictures.* By C. Lewis Hind. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This is a day in which very little is allowed to be wasted, and in which the by-products of a manufacture are often almost as profitable as the principal thing manufactured. One of the forms of modern thrift is the production of books from the odds and ends of journalism. Anything once printed seems worth preservation between covers, and the most fugitive paragraphs are scraped together and given a sort of immortality. The cost of bookmaking is thus reduced to that of illustration and mechanical execution, and the pictures are relied on to carry the text. The present volume is an example of this kind of manufacture. As editor of the *Academy*, Mr. Hind wrote, from time to time, a number of short articles having more or less relation to art, sometimes notices of exhibitions, sometimes informal reviews of new books, sometimes bits of agreeable chatter apropos of anything or nothing; and of these, carefully reprinted and embellished with twenty-four illustrations, eight of them in colors, after sundry works of art ranging from Piero di Cosimo and Botticelli to F. Caley Robinson and Fred F. Foottet, the book is composed.

The result is decidedly jerky. Mr. Hind explains that he is impressionistic on principle, and quotes Anatole France to the effect that "the good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." He is also elaborately casual, and takes great pains to give an unpremeditated and accidental air to his utterances. He begins abruptly in the middle, after the fashion of the writer of stories, or he casts his criticism in the form of a real or imaginary dialogue. He tells us how he visited a Burlington House Exhibition of Old Masters and went home to look up what had

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been said of Cuyp, and the rest of the article is made up of extracts from Ruskin on all sorts of subjects; the pictures by Cuyp never getting described. One article is called "An Admirer of Hals," and begins: "I was looking at Franz Hals's 'Laughing Cavalier' in the Wallace collection, when a voice at my elbow said: 'That's a wonderful thing—a wonderful thing, sir. The rollicking humor displayed in that face is——' " The admirer of Hals turns out to be a retired business man who has just been reading Gerald Davies's book, and who proceeds to deal it out through several pages. So we have the substance of a review without its form, and a pleasant enough article at small expense. At the end, the volume tails off into Occasional Notes, some of them not over half a page long.

All this is well enough done and must have made acceptable journalism. Mr. Hind has a knack of writing, a brisk style, and some real interest in and feeling for painting; and his avoidance of seriousness of form would prove no drawback to the immediate effectiveness of occasional writing, any more than the fact that he really has very little to say, or that he is sometimes careless and inaccurate in statement. We demand of such slight dishes only that they shall be grateful to the palate and easy of digestion; it is not necessary that they should be substantial or nourishing. There are still, however, old-fashioned people who think that a book should have some continuity and some system, and that a dinner should be something else than a collection of cold scraps. To such we cannot recommend this book.

Some of the illustrations, particularly those in black and white, after familiar masterpieces, are good; but we hope it is not strictly true that the others are "reproduced in the colors of the original paintings."

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*Bacteriology of Milk.* By Harold Swithinbank and George Newman. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The relation of bacteria to dairy products is a subject which assumes an ever increasing importance with the knowledge that these organisms may materially aid in the manufacture of cream, butter, and cheese, or may, on the other hand, produce harmful fermentations of the milk, and spread among its consumers divers sorts of contagious disease. One is therefore inclined to receive even a bulky book on this topic with favor, especially when the authors begin by stating, "Our aim has been to systematize the bacteriological study of milk rather than incorporate every known or tested fact concerning the subject" (p. viii). Unfortunately, however, this aim has not been steady enough to withstand the temptation to encyclopædic inclusiveness which seems particularly to beset writers upon hygiene. Monographs by experts upon certain phases of the milk-supply problem are much needed; but a tome which discusses chemistry, physiology, general bacteriological technique, air and water analysis, ripening and disease fermentations of dairy products, the characteristics of pathogenic organisms, epidemiology, systematic bacteriology, legislation, practical details of dairy management and glass-blowing, can only be an heroic attempt at the impossible. The chapters on methods for anaerobic cultivation and on air analysis have, indeed, been well-handled by Mr. Swithinbank and Dr. Newman; but they are out of place in a work on the 'Bacteriology of Milk.' On the other hand, the treatment of media-making, in view of the progress made towards uniform methods by the American Public Health Association, is confusing and unsatisfactory, and the section on Water Analysis weak, since it ignores the determination of the approximate numbers of colon bacilli.

Coming to the real subject of the book, we find much to praise. In Chapters I. and V. the conditions which lead to the multiplication of bacteria in milk are discussed with much success. The authors declare themselves strongly in favor of the disputed view that normal milk from the udder of a healthy cow is sterile, thus agreeing with Lister and with Sedgwick in this country and differing from Ward, Harrison, and many others. The contamination of the product after milking is well treated, and some excellent photographs are reproduced of bacteriological culture plates exposed to the air in various localities. One, in particular, which faces page 22, well shows the way in which bacteria are carried by macroscopic solid particles, each of the larger colonies showing an obvious speck of dust at its centre. The admirable studies of Park in New York as to the relation of cleanliness, temperature, and time to the bacterial content of milk are fully quoted, and these and other figures show that while, under proper conditions, milk can be so produced that it shall contain less than 10,000 bacteria per c.c., the numbers actually found in ordinary city milk often run up into many millions. Analyzed more closely in a valuable table on page 130, it appears that during the storage of milk there is first a sudden increase in the number of bacteria, followed by a sharp decrease, then a slower but much more extensive multiplication, resulting in an enormous bacterial population, which finally again slowly declines. The authors rightly conclude that the first increase probably includes a number of microbes of various sorts originally present in considerable numbers in the milk, and that this is checked by the harmful products of the true lactic acid bacteria, which, multiplying more slowly, finally predominate overwhelmingly during the second maximum.

After this general discussion, the authors take up in Chapters VI. and VII. the industrial side of milk bacteriology, the ripening of cream, butter and cheese, and the agency of microbes therein, the use in these processes of pure cultures like the Bacillus 41 of Conn, and the various disease fermentations which may produce blue, red, yellow, bitter, soapy or ropy milk. As to the source of the lactic-acid bacteria which are of such significance in the mellowing of cream, the authors are in doubt; the recent work of Prescott on the identity of these organisms with *Bacillus coli* suggests one possibility.

The last half of the 'Bacteriology of Milk' treats the strictly sanitary side of the subject, and this section, written, according to the preface, by Dr. Newman, is the most valuable portion of the work. There is first a good review of the distribution of tubercle bacilli in milk, in which the Liverpool results are freely quoted. The question as to the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man is well discussed, the conclusion being that at which practically all scientists have now arrived, viz., that, while rare, this transmission may and does occur. Milk epidemics, of which two hundred and fifty are now on record, come in for full treatment, their characteristics being in general a special incidence upon persons under fifteen, a short incubation period and a low mortality. Abstracts are then given of a number of outbreaks of typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever actually traced to milk, most being English and a few American. As is too common in English textbooks, German and French data are largely ignored. The most serious defect in this section is, however, the scant treatment of the relation of milk to infantile diarrhœa, which is by far the most important aspect of the entire subject. One-fifth of the children born in our large cities are swept away before the end of the first year of life, and numerous statistical studies, notably those carried out at Berlin, have shown that this slaughter is mainly due to the use of fermented cow's milk. Dr. Newman discusses the somewhat fanciful theories of Ballard and Newsholme as to the exact method in which bacteria gain access to the milk; but his treatment of practical remedial measures is quite inadequate. These measures are two: first, cleanliness in production and coolness during the transportation of the milk; second, Pasteurization before it is used. Proper conditions of production can be brought about only by systematic bacteriological examinations and the enforcement of definite standards by health officials. Messrs. Swithinbank and Newman, on page 136, in our opinion most unwisely discredit such numerical estimates; and in their conclusions, though advising that such examination should be made, add that "the time has probably not yet come for fixing a minimum [meaning maximum] standard of the number of organisms permissible." The time has come in Philadelphia and New York, where such standards have produced admirable results; the time has come in Boston, where they are to be shortly put in force; it is bound to come in all progressive communities.

The 'Bacteriology of Milk' contains a vast array of information; but, in grasp of the proportions of the subject and in judicial point of view, it cannot materially add to the progress either of the science or the art of sanitation.

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*The Diary of Matthew Patten of Bedford, N. H.*, from 1754 to 1788. Published by the Town. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Printing Co. 1903. Pp. 545.

The settlers of the town of Bedford, in Hillsborough County, twenty miles from Concord, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, hardy and frugal. Matthew Patten, born in Ireland in 1719, came to this New Hampshire locality in 1738. He was a steady-going farmer, who became justice of the peace and later judge of probate. He had acquired the diary habit, it seems, early in life, but the sheets of his book previous to 1754 have been lost. He used to record his daily transactions in the simplest terms

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imaginable, reciting facts, and adding no reflections. He wasted no words.

One day is much like another. The diarist writes straight through in one sweeping sentence, whether of day's work, or what not, as the following entry in September, 1755 (p. 20), will testify:

17th went to Litchfield and Got 4 gallons of rum from Thos Parker for the town and Two Quarts and a pint for James Little and 1¼ Quart for myself for which rum Richard McAlester sent 4£ my mother 5£ and my brother 2£ and the remainder I laid out myself ye whole came to 12-6-9 and recd an aCcount pr Patrick Taggart that my father in law was laid speachles at portsmouth.

So an entry in November following, where we read:

22d Got my Deed I had of Ensn MacGregores acknowledged by justice Boyes and returned home and in the evening I supposse about 9 a Clock at night there was a Smart Shock of an Earth Quake almost as hard as the hard shock on the monday night before but of not so long Continuance and Borrowed one bushell of salt from Robt Macmurphy.

This is a perfectly genuine record of the doings of a plain, hard-working man, in the days of small beginnings and modest results. It depicts stern realities in a style that knows nothing of literary merit, but which is nevertheless interesting because unstudied. The pages are full of names and incidents that must be of value to descendants of the good people of the region. An entry of June 2, 1783, "I got ½ a pint of Rum from Zech Chandler on credit and I went to the falls and I got 4 shad," reminds us that Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan was born in Bedford, and exhibited the traits of his ancestry.

The book has exasperating features. It lacks an index; and there is no running-title to indicate the year in which the entries are made. It seems a strange oversight that the town has not furnished at least an index of names, seeing that the diary is chiefly useful that it may be consulted by persons interested in tracing genealogy, or learning some facts with regard to an already known ancestor. Barring this serious defect, which might be repaired in a separate volume, the publication reflects credit upon the town of Bedford, for the material is worthy of preservation and the book is well printed.

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*A History of Two Reciprocity Treaties.* By Chalfant Robinson. New Haven, Conn.: The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press.

This volume deals with the Canadian treaty of 1854 and the Hawaiian treaty of 1876; it also contains a chapter on what the author calls "The Treaty-Making Power of the House of Representatives," *i. e.*, the power of the House to refuse legislation (especially an appropriation) required for the purpose of giving effect to a treaty already duly ratified. This power has caused trouble in the past, and may do so in the future. The author's review of the matter is fair, but it is not relevant to the main purpose of his volume, and is a reprint of a magazine article.

Reciprocity seems to be a subject which attracts Mr. Robinson a good deal; he gives us here as a comment upon the full text of the Canadian and Hawaiian treaties several elaborate historical chapters and an introduction on the early trade relations of Great Britain with her colonies, and the changes produced by the independence of the United States. The value of the volume is mainly historical. The author raises questions of policy, but does not answer them, or only in a tentative way. The importance of reciprocity treaties he exaggerates, we believe, greatly; how far reciprocity tends, as he seems to think, to political union, is a very obscure problem. If it is ever tried on a great scale and for a long period of time, there will be an opportunity of finding out whether there is any general law governing the subject; hitherto the protectionists have taken very good care to prevent anything of that sort. The two most conspicuous attempts at tempering protection by reciprocity—our Canadian treaty and the Cobden treaty with Louis Napoleon—were not suffered to poison the protectionist air of either France or the United States for many years, and the third experiment, the McKinley-Kasson reciprocity treaties, are still *in gremio Senatus*, and not likely to get much further. To free traders reciprocity combined with protection is an absurdity, or at best a mere expedient. Cobden himself only believed in it so far as to think that a good treaty with France *might* enlighten that country through the operation of its own beneficence; but it did not. The fact is, that reciprocity and protection, instead of being, as some protectionists have always fondly imagined, supplementary in nature to one another, are in essence mutually repugnant, especially in a system like our own, where every tariff is the result of a sort of bargain made among all the leading industrial interests. The theory is that you clap on a high duty on something, and then lower it as an inducement to the foreign nation to make a corresponding reduction; but, in practice, the duty in question turns out to be essential to the system, and the parties to the bargain cannot be brought to take it off. Such, at least, has been our recent experience. But it will probably be centuries before the reciprocity illusion is entirely dissipated.

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*Le Origini degli Stati Uniti d'America.* Da Gennaro Mondaini. (Collezione Villari.) Milan: U. Hoepli; New York: G. E. Stechert. 1904.

It is a significant fact that although Cavour took the English parliamentary system for the model of the Piedmontese, which later became the Italian, the political development of Italy has been rather along Latin than Anglo-Saxon lines. France, with her centralization and bureaucracy, has set the example which Italy has followed; racial affinity has proved stronger than the ideals of a few thinkers and statesmen. Had Cavour lived twenty years, he might have held his country closer to the constitutional practices of Westminster, which he admired. But since 1861 the drift in Italy has been away from England, and, needless to say, Italians have paid but little attention to American history and government, or they would not have rested content with the popular history of the American Revolution which Carlo Botta wrote a century ago and they still refer to as an authority.

We give a particular welcome, therefore, to Signor Mondaini's 'Le Origini degli Stati Uniti,' the latest volume in the excellent series of histories edited by Prof. Pasquale Villari. This is a book thoroughly up-to-date, written by a man trained in the modern methods of historical investigation, who has, moreover, a firm grasp of his subject and a straightforward style. He describes in seven chapters the beginnings of European settlements in North America, the Puritans, the plantations in the South, the commercial society of New York and Pennsylvania, the struggle between the English and the French colonists for possession of the continent, and the war of independence. In a final chapter he describes the political organization of the new society, and its tendencies at the birth of the republic.

His work blends the general purpose of Mr. Bryce and that of Mr. Goldwin Smith. It might well serve as a manual for the American student, because, in addition to giving a brief narrative of events and a critical comment on social and political conditions, it expresses the opinions of an intelligent foreigner who approaches the subject without prejudice. He treats the Puritan and the Virginian with equal fairness, and, what is perhaps a harder task, he indicates briefly but very clearly the steps by which the character of each was slowly transformed. Particularly striking is his picture of the Constitution, which apparently created a government so decentralized that, in theory at least, it ought to have been in a perpetual state of deadlock, for any one of the three branches—the President, the Senate, or the House—could block the activity of the other two, while the Supreme Court could declare unconstitutional laws which the Congress had passed and the Executive had approved. Signor Mondaini has mastered his subject so well that we hope that he may, in a second volume of similar character, describe the development of the American Union during the nineteenth century.

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anspacher, Louis K. Tristan and Isolde, a Tragedy. Brentano's.
Confessions of a Railroad Man. New York: S. R. I. Community.
De Moratin's El Sí de las Niñas. Introduction and notes by J. Geddes and F. M. Josselyn, jr. American Book Co.
Euripides's Iphigenia. Edited by William Nickerson Bates. (Greek Series for Colleges and Schools.) American Book Co.
Fisher, George Park. Outlines of Universal History. New ed. American Book Co.
Garland, Hamlin. The Light of the Star. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Hull, George W. Elements of Algebra. American Book Co.
Johnson, Charles F. Forms of English Poetry. American Book Co.
Latham, Edward. A Dictionary of Names, Nicknames and Surnames. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Mathews, Francis Aymar. Pamelia Congreve. (Fiction). Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Pratt, Edwin A. Trade Unionism and British Industry. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Rambaud, Alfred. Expansion of Russia. Second edition. Scott-Thaw Co.
Roscher, Wilhelm. The Spanish Colonial System. Translation edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.
Shorter Elizabethan Poems. Introduction by A. H. Bullen. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Tanner, J. H. Elementary Algebra. (Modern Mathematical Series.) American Book Co.
Thaxter, Celia. An Island Garden. New edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
The Reciter's Treasury of Verse. Edited by Ernest Pertwee. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
The Scots Peerage. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul. Vol. I. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Thomas, Mrs. Theodore (Rose Fay). Our Mountain Garden. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Thompson, A. Beeby. The Oil Fields of Russia. D. Van Nostrand Co. $15 net.
Vacaresco, Helene. Kings and Queens I. Have Known. Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
Wagner's Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Introduction by W. P. Bigelow. American Book Co.
Watertown Records. (Fourth book of town proceedings, and second book of vital statistics.) Boston: Stanhope Press.
Winkley, J. W. First Lessons in the New Thought. Boston: James H. West Co. 60 cents.
Wyld, M. Alice. The Dread Inferno: Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

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